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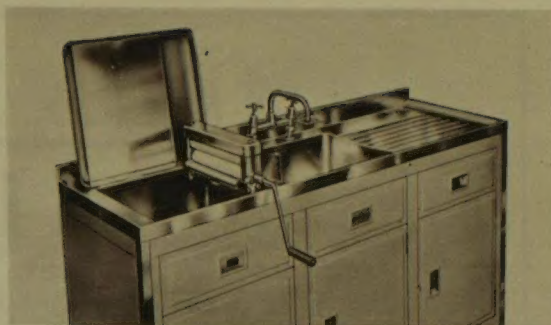


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MANY find the gulf between East and West unbridgeable in the arts, as in other departments of human activity, and yet one is always coming across individual objects which seem to echo the style of far-distant areas of the world without regard to the passing of time. A small wooden carving of a man at the gallery of John Sparks, from somewhere in the Ming Dynasty, is not without that feeling of gravity which is so marked a characteristic of Roman portrait sculpture: though this particular piece is of a type rather than of an individual, it reminds one of the early days of the Roman Empire rather than of the contemporary sculpture of Europe. If this suggestion appears fanciful, one is on surer ground in noting the connection between Hellenistic and Roman pottery and that of the Chinese T'ang Dynasty, because it is clear enough that at least a few of the distinctive T'ang Dynasty shapes were adapted directly from Western originals.

Once again the comparison came to mind unbidden at Spink and Son, Ltd., when faced without warning by what is, nowadays, the most unusual of displays—a collection of no fewer than twenty-two Greek vases, six of them black figure, all of them once in the Lord Sligo collection and dating from the sixth century B.C. onwards. Since the enthusiasm of the connoisseurs of the eighteenth century and the romantic imagination of the young John Keats in the nineteenth first persuaded the polite world that a Greek vase was the noblest of man's works, we have learnt a

COLLECTORS

great deal about potters in other lands, but these austere shapes can still make one pause, and the incisive drawing of the figures remind one of what a whole vanished world of Greek painting must have been like. Of the six black-figure vases, one was decorated with the story of the escape of Odysseus and his companions from the cave of the Cyclops beneath the bellies of the sheep. Of the red-figure vases, a funeral vase bore two graceful mourning figures sacrificing to the shade of the deceased. Among the sculpture in the same gallery was a sensitive torso of Aphrodite—Hellenistic, and anyone's guess as to the exact century.

Back in China, as it were, John Sparks' doors were guarded by a pair of the largest and finest porcelain hounds—about the year 1700—seen in London for many a long day, while downstairs, not on general view, was—and perhaps still is—a Ming Dynasty white porcelain bowl upon which spreads majestically a green Imperial dragon which aroused the keenest interest when it came up at Christie's last autumn: as superb a piece of drawing on pottery as is to be found anywhere in London to-day.

Among the picture galleries, Marlborough Fine Art were offering a remarkable range of drawings by Giacomo Guardi, flower prints by Redouté, etchings by Dannoyer de Segonzac, and contemporary French paintings—these last from 25 guineas. The current show at Colnaghi's of Prints supplements the splendid paintings at the Royal Academy (British Portraits).

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Vieux Chêne à Villefranche-sur-Mer, 1909. Oil. 39 1/2 x 29.

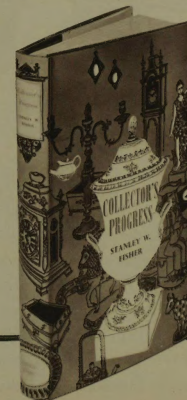
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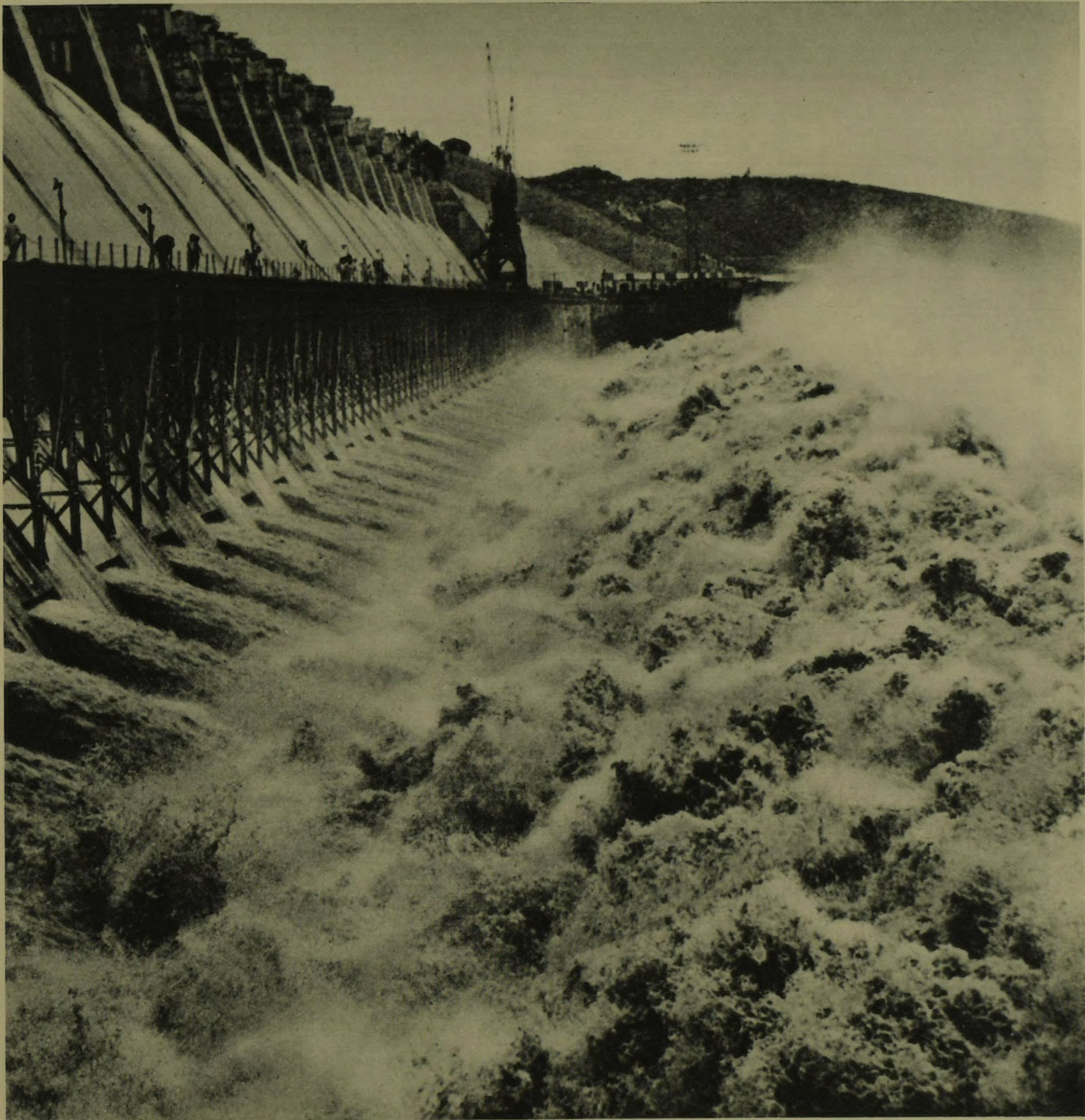


Warrington, Lancs

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1957.



CLAIMED AS THE WORLD'S LONGEST DAM AND A "NEW TEMPLE FOR NATIONAL PROSPERITY": HIRAKUD DAM, ACROSS THE MAHANADI RIVER, IN ORISSA, EASTERN INDIA, WHICH HAS BEEN FORMALLY OPENED BY MR. NEHRU.

At dusk on Sunday, January 13, Mr. Nehru, the Prime Minister of India, formally opened the Hirakud Dam across the Mahanadi River at Orissa, in Eastern India. As Mr. Nehru pressed the button of the new hydro-electric grid, the waters rushed through the gates of the three-mile-long dam which is flanked by thirteen miles of earth dykes, and the vast reservoir was bathed in brilliant floodlights. At the same time at a number of places in Orissa electric power began to turn the wheels of industry for the first time. This

great project, to which the United States contributed some 3,000,000 dollars (over £1,000,000) worth of urgently needed equipment, is designed to bring relief to an area plagued alternately by drought and floods. The project was conceived, designed and directed by Indian engineers and is the biggest irrigation and power undertaking completed in the country, so far, by Indian talent at all stages. It has already made water available for irrigating 100,000 acres of land in the current season.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE passing from the political scene of Anthony Eden is something more, it is widely felt, than a personal tragedy. It marks the end of an era—the era in British political history to which history may well give Eden's name, for the hopes to which it gave rise have been more generally associated with this idealistic and picturesque statesman than with any other public figure of our time. These hopes were born in the sudden aftermath that followed the grim bloodbath of the terrible trench years of 1914-18 and were expressed by another and very different Foreign Secretary—for it is always as Foreign Secretary that we of this generation will always think of Anthony Eden—when he rose in the House of Lords after the 1918 Armistice and quoted Shelley's great lines from "Hellas":

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn:
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream. . . .

Oh, cease! must hate and death
return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to its dregs
the urn
Of bitter prophecy.
The world is weary of the
past,
Oh, might it die or rest at
last!

Much about the time that the stately Lord Curzon was declaiming poetry to his fellow peers, a young English poet, who like his contemporaries, Anthony Eden and Harold Macmillan, had endured with great gallantry the terrible four years' ordeal in the trenches, expressed the pent-up feelings of his generation in its hour of release from war by two verses of ecstatic passion:

Everyone suddenly burst out
singing;
And I was filled with such
delight
As prisoned birds must find in
freedom
Winging wildly across the white
Orchards and dark green fields;
on; and out of sight.

Everyone's voice was suddenly
lifted,
And beauty came like the setting
sun.
My heart was shaken with tears
and horror
Drifted away . . . O but every
one
Was a bird; and the song was
wordless; the singing will
never be done.*

Having lived through two world wars and their aftermath, we all now know what happens to the emotional ideals to which their agony gives rise. Like old soldiers such ideals do not die but merely fade away, yet they take a long time in fading. The ideal to which the experience of 1914-18 gave rise was that wars are unnecessary, that nations, unlike human beings, are intrinsically good and that, by giving nations equal rights in a forum for debate and pacific international adjustment, the unreal and disastrous conflicts of the past could be ended for ever. The age of public diplomacy was heralded in with a fanfare of trumpets, while Anthony Eden and Harold Macmillan and many another returned warrior of well-to-do parentage completed their interrupted education and planned a happier future under the dreaming spires of Oxford, and Mr. Baldwin's "hard-faced men who looked as though they had done well out of the war" comfortably cashed in on that future under the grimier and more prosaic spires of Westminster. And a little later Mr. Eden and Mr. Macmillan, still full of ideals, joined them there. Some words I wrote in 1940 perhaps best express what thereafter happened to the rest of the nation.

Wanting nothing but peace—the one positive gain from the wastage, cruelty and misery of the war—the British people assumed in their insular, hopeful way that every one else felt the same. Through their voluntary associations and parliamentary institutions they affirmed over and over again their sense of its necessity and their faith in the League of Nations and the machinery of international law. They even succeeded with the help of their Anglo-Saxon kinsmen in the United States in persuading the statesmen of the world to affix their signatures to a document called the Kellogg Pact, repudiating war as an instrument of policy. For, having suffered so much from the tidal flood of war, they supposed, like King Canute, that an edict against tides would protect them from further inundation. Their courtiers,

the democratic newspapers and politicians, loudly assured them that it would. . . . Their politicians had repeatedly told them that the Great War had been fought to end war for ever. The heroic and loved dead had died and the millions had suffered for the sake of that great consummation. And the League of Nations, honoured in Britain as nowhere else, was the guarantee that peace should endure. Its Covenant was the British people's war gain. They would not allow it to be flouted. But their dilemma was tragic. For they could not protect the integrity of League principles without waging another war—that which they had hoped above all things to avert—and so destroying the one achievement of the war to end war.†

For from the moment that nations revealed themselves, not as the idealistic abstractions that their own peoples conceived them to be, but as aggregates of human beings swayed by all the passions and selfish interests, and subject to all the follies and infirmities, that human beings themselves are heirs to, the British dilemma became apparent. The international authority that was to have laid for ever the nightmare of war could only be maintained by vindicating that authority against its national challengers by force of arms, in other words by war. Imperial Japan, Fascist Italy, Nazi

Germany and Soviet Russia in turn flouted that authority, with the resultant disappearance of Manchuria, Republican China, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Albania and ultimately Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania from the comity of nations. When Nazi Germany, aided by Soviet Russia, struck first at Poland, and later at Denmark, Norway, Holland and Belgium, Britain and France, belatedly fulfilling the defensive functions that the League of Nations had so signally failed to fulfil, took up arms for the sanctity of international treaties and the rights of nations, but at the price of a Second World War.

Yet when that war was over, the British, now strongly supported by the Americans who shared their idealism, returned to their post-1918 dream. In place of the League of Nations that had failed and perished in the conflagration of World War II, they and their transatlantic allies, to the cynical amusement of their Communist-imperialist collaborators and rivals at Moscow, set up a new international parliament in the United Nations Organisation. And today, only a decade after its inception, a new dilemma confronts them. Not only is the enforcement of international law and order only to be achieved, as shown by the shameful and tragic story of Hungary's martyrdom and betrayal, by a horrid and suicidal resort to war, but obedience and loyalty to U.N. can only be given at the expense of what the British

people regard as justice and their own just rights. For Nasser's seizure and subsequent closure of the Suez Canal has been condoned by the U.N., and Great Britain, as U.N.'s most loyal and consistent supporter, is facing the prospect, not only of grave and growing personal hardship, but of national impotence and extinction because it is being forcibly deprived of the Middle East oil on whose extraction and supply it had expended vast sums, for which its soldiers, sailors and airmen had made untold sacrifices and on whose free flow both its economic being and its physical and moral strength depend. For, however much American, and even British, statesmen may continue to deceive themselves, there is no possibility of the Egyptian military dictator, or of the Arab and Asiatic nations who support him in U.N., relaxing his stranglehold on Britain's chief economic artery except by force or the threat of force. The man, a typical Oriental swashbuckler of a kind which has recurred in every generation of Oriental history, and which for the past century has been restrained by the now discredited *Pax Britannica*, recognises no other law but force and is constitutionally incapable of doing so. Eden himself, the statesman who, above all others, had identified himself throughout the past thirty years with Britain's international ideal, perceived this a few weeks earlier than the bulk of his countrymen. The whole nation, even those who most strongly condemned Eden and the Government for their sudden intervention in the Israeli-Egyptian war, realises this elementary and now obvious truth and, in the harsh weeks, months and perhaps years ahead, is going to realise it with increasing gravity. Britain has come, in fact, to a parting of the ways, and Eden's tragic illness and enforced resignation have coincided with it. We stand at a point of ending and a point of departure, and whether this Government or another sets us on our new road, a new road we, and maybe the whole world with us, have now got to take.

AT HOME AT NO. 10, DOWNING STREET.



IN THEIR NEW HOME AT NO. 10, DOWNING STREET: THE PRIME MINISTER, THE RT. HON. HAROLD MACMILLAN, WITH HIS WIFE, LADY DOROTHY MACMILLAN.

The new Prime Minister and his wife have one son and three daughters, and eleven grandchildren. Mr. Macmillan married Lady Dorothy Evelyn Cavendish, daughter of the 9th Duke of Devonshire, in 1920. Their son, Maurice, who is an M.P., has three sons and a daughter. Their eldest daughter, Carol, is married to Major Julian Faber, and they have three children, two sons and a daughter. The Macmillans' second daughter, Catherine, is married to Mr. Julian Amery, M.P. They have four children, including the youngest of the Macmillan grandchildren, the four-month-old twins, Leopold and Elizabeth. The youngest daughter, Sarah, recently married Mr. Andrew Heath.

* "The War Poems of Siegfried Sassoon"; Heineman, p. 95.

† "English Saga"; Collins, pp. 309-312.



A LIFE OF DISTINGUISHED SERVICE: LORD ATHLONE, A GREAT-UNCLE OF THE QUEEN, WHO DIED ON JANUARY 16.

The Earl of Athlone, a great-uncle of the Queen, died at Kensington Palace, at the age of eighty-two, on January 16. During a long life of public service he had been Governor-General of South Africa and of Canada. He was educated at Eton and at Sandhurst, and saw active service in the Matabele Campaign and fought throughout the South African War. In 1904 he married Princess Alice, the only daughter of the Duke of Albany, Queen Victoria's youngest son. In 1914 he was appointed Governor-General of Canada, but did not take up the appointment, as the war intervened. He served throughout the war. In 1917 he relinquished all styles of his German nobility, and was created Earl of Athlone and Viscount Trematon in the County of Cambridge. In 1923 he was appointed Governor-General of South Africa, and in 1927

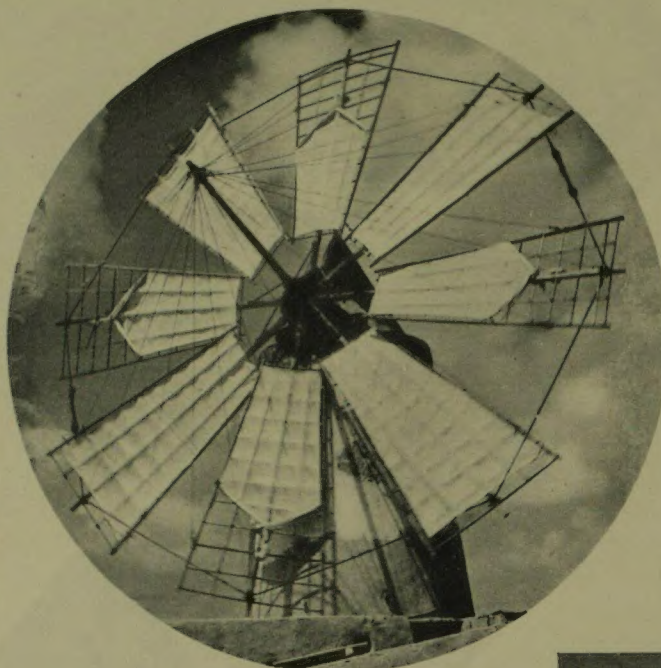
General Hertzog, the South African Prime Minister, requested that Lord Athlone should extend his Governor-Generalship by a further term of four years. After his highly successful years in South Africa, he returned to England in 1931, when he was appointed Governor and Constable of Windsor Castle and was elected Chancellor of London University. In 1940 he was appointed Governor-General of Canada. After his successful term of office in Canada, he returned to England in 1946. Lord Athlone is survived by Princess Alice and by their daughter, Lady May Abel Smith. The peerage becomes extinct. Arrangements had been made, at the time of writing, for a military funeral in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle. It was to take place on January 19 and her Majesty the Queen was expected to be present.

Portrait study by Karsh of Ottawa.

A BRITISH PROTECTORATE THREATENED BY THE YEMEN: THE ADEN PROTECTORATE AND ITS LEVIES.



A FAVOURITE PASTIME OFF DUTY: AN ARAB SMOKING RAW TOBACCO THROUGH HIS HOME-MADE HUBBLE BUBBLE.



A FEATURE OF PARTS OF WESTERN ADEN: A WIND PUMP USED IN DRAWING UP SEA-WATER FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF SALT.



JOINING THE ADEN PROTECTORATE LEVY: A GROUP OF RECRUITS OF STRIKING APPEARANCE BEING MEASURED BY A LEVY ORDERLY.



HARASSED BY THE RECENT YEMENI ATTACKS: THE CAMP OF THE ADEN PROTECTORATE LEVY TROOPS AT DHALA.



THE RULER OF ONE OF THE AREAS ATTACKED BY THE YEMENI: THE AMIR OF DHALA (LEFT) WITH ONE OF HIS OFFICERS, WHO WAS TRAINED BY THE JORDANIAN ARMY.



PREPARED TO MEET THE ATTACKS OF THE YEMENI TRIBESMEN: MEN OF THE DHALA AMIRATE GOING ABOUT ARMED TO THE TEETH.



HEADQUARTERS OF THE BEIHAN DEFENCE AGAINST YEMENI ATTACKS: THE SHERIF OF BEIHAN'S MUD PALACE AT BEIHAN, WHICH IS CLOSE TO THE FRONTIER.

The constant occurrence of frontier skirmishes on the border between the Yemen and the Western Aden Protectorate—the great increase in which has brought about the current crisis—led to the formation of the Aden Protectorate Levy in 1928. This force, which is recruited principally from the Western Aden Protectorate, is largely administered by British officers and senior

N.C.O.s of the R.A.F. Regiment. Its equipment includes armoured cars, though a more common form of transport is the traditional one of camels. These forces—now supported by a larger body of British troops than is usual—are actively engaged in defending the Aden Protectorate against the Yemeni attacks, of which Beiha has been the principal target.



DEFENDING THE ADEN PROTECTORATE AGAINST INCREASED YEMENI ATTACKS: A BRITISH PATROL MOVING AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAINS FROM DHALA TOWARDS THE WILD AND DISTURBED YEMENI FRONTIER.

On January 14 a Foreign Office spokesman stated that arrangements were being made to bring about a meeting between Aden and Yemeni Government officials on the frontier to discuss the recent incidents there. On the following day, however, Mr. Tawfik Chamandy, the Yemeni delegate in the Trusteeship Committee of the United Nations, claimed that Aden was "an integral part of the Yemen," and that Britain had taken possession of the country by imposing the terms of "a dubious treaty" concluded many years ago through "clever diplomatic manoeuvres and intimidation." Mr. Chamandy protested against the British "acts of aggression" against the Yemen. Subsequent statements issued by the Yemen Legation in London carried further accusations of British "aggression," and specified a number of attacks by troops and aircraft on

various points inside the Yemen. Speaking at Middlesbrough on January 15, Dr. Charles Hill, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, stated that such claims of British attacks were completely false, and that Yemeni tribesmen and troops had, in fact, crossed the frontier into the Aden Protectorate and attacked the tribes there. On January 16 two incidents were reported on the frontier of the Beihan State of the Western Aden Protectorate, where men of the Durham Light Infantry had been flown two days earlier. These troops, supported by rocket attacks from R.A.F. *Venom* fighters, drove out Yemeni intruders from positions on the Manawa road. On January 17, a day of further Yemeni attacks in Beihan, the Foreign Office announced that H.M. Government was prepared to discuss the situation with the Yemen Government.

THE instinct of the Press, which is sometimes acute, seems to have guided it rightly to a belief that fairly serious trouble was developing on the frontier between the Aden Protectorate and Yemen. Aden itself was at first inclined to be astonished at all the fuss. It pointed out that the frontier had not been exactly demarcated, that it was constantly crossed by nomad tribes in their wanderings, that bickering with a little shooting from time to time was endemic, and that—up to about the end of the first week in January—unrest and trouble had been only slightly above the normal. Since then, however, aggression from Yemen, in which its regular or uniformed army has played some part, has been stronger and fighting has been sharper. It is possible that the process will continue.

In the past the action of Yemen has usually not gone beyond that of encouraging its tribesmen to make themselves unpleasant. Its increase of the

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. YEMEN AND THE ADEN PROTECTORATE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

and the constant uncontrolled coming and going across the frontier. At the same time, it is unpleasant, more so indeed than the intrusions. The Protectorate area is considerable, some 75 miles at the maximum from north to south, and about ten times as long on the coast. Trouble has hitherto been mostly near the frontier with Yemen, but this might not always be the case, and it would involve more forces if it were to extend.

On Christmas Day a party of raiders was pursued across the frontier to the neighbourhood of Qataba, in Yemen, by the levies. This is the only occasion on which a crossing has been reported

from British sources. The R.A.F. has been ordered to make no attacks within the territory of Yemen, even against raiders driven back over the frontier. On January 12 there was a little combat in the Beihan area, when an escort with supplies for the frontier post at Manawa was attacked by 300 or 400 men and

the days when the Aden Troop used to ride out on horseback on such missions. The use of aircraft for direct attack is even more expeditious than that of land forces even with the aid of aircraft. On the other hand, bombing as a penalty for misbehaviour tends to create prejudice, to which we cannot avoid being sensitive just now.

It is an old problem and controversy, about which I have written here before. Here it has nothing to do with Yemen because action beyond the frontier is forbidden. The procedure, which is resorted to very rarely and only in serious cases, is to issue a preliminary warning to people near the target to be attacked so that they may remove themselves to a safe distance from it. The target is usually a single building or small group of buildings. It is attacked with the strictest accuracy attainable. It is a swift and, from the British point of view, economical form of punishment. It is certainly a lighter one than that of killing men with mortars. Yet one cannot feel altogether happy about it because it is so ill regarded by many foreign eyes, by no means all unfriendly to us.

In resisting these incursions from Yemen Britain is defending more than her own direct interests. She also bears a heavy responsibility to the chieftains with whom she is in treaty. It would be a calamity if they were to come to the conclusion that they had been let down and that Britain had defaulted by allowing their villages to be raided and the water-holes on which their people and herds depend to be destroyed. One such chieftain remarked to journalists the other day that he expected to be protected, and if he were not would have to look elsewhere. The probability is that the pressure has been raised because Britain is considered vulnerable to prejudice at present and, at the same time, to force her to increase her commitments in the Aden Protectorate.



READY TO MEET THE YEMENI ATTACKS ON THEIR COUNTRY: A GROUP OF ARMED ADEN PROTECTORATE BORDER TRIBESMEN, WITH A BRITISH-TRAINED ARAB OFFICER IN THE MIDDLE.

pressure seems to be due largely to Egyptian encouragement in accordance with a pattern which has grown familiar. The moment has obviously been chosen with a view to impressing the United Nations. Stories of the arrival of arms on a large scale seem to be exaggerated. The people of sheiks and sultans have been approached with promises of aid in attacking rulers who remain attached to the British connection and look to British power to protect them in accordance with the chain of treaties under the terms of which this country has pledged itself to do so. Fanciful versions have been issued about such fighting as has taken place.

This again is a faithful imitation of Egyptian technique. It is also effective because so many people in the Middle East believe anything they are told, so long as it is what they want to believe. In this case circumstances lend themselves to embroidery. Intruders issue forth and cross the frontier from a town, such as Harib, lying close to it, and are engaged by levies. Even rifle-bullets fly a long way. What could be easier than to represent the affair as a long-planned, heavy, and prolonged assault on this "unfortified" town? Somewhat similar versions of the fighting on the track to Manawa, near the most northerly point in the Western Aden Protectorate, can be concocted without difficulty.

The Protectorate may be denounced by some people as a device reeking of "colonialism." Actually, it is one resembling on a minute scale President Eisenhower's new policy, which it anticipated. Its object is to provide a peaceful area round Aden, desirable not only in day-to-day life but also in the event of any unfriendly Power establishing its influence in Yemen. (How many people realise that Aden was besieged by the Turks, very loosely I admit, during the greater part of the First World War?) It has generally succeeded in this object, if we interpret the word "peaceful" in accordance with local customs. It also appears to have given satisfaction up to now to the little rulers concerned.

At the same time, the troubles have not been due entirely to intruders from Yemen, soldiers or armed civilians, and they have not been the only opponents of British troops and the Protectorate Levies under British leadership. There have also been dissidents among the people of the local sheiks. This is a not unnatural effect of propaganda



AT THE ADEN PROTECTORATE LEVY CAMP AT DHALA: THE VEHICLE PARK, IN WHICH ARE SOME OF THE BRITISH ARMoured CARS USED BY THE LEVY TROOPS. CAPTAIN FALLS WRITES ABOUT THE PRESENT CRISIS ON THE YEMEN-ADEN FRONTIER IN HIS ARTICLE THIS WEEK.

temporarily held up. On this occasion British aircraft used rockets and cannon, but only on the Protectorate territory. Four men of the levies were wounded.

The most serious fighting took place on January 16. Men of the Durham Light Infantry—it is not yet clear in what strength, but probably one company at most—using mortar and small-arms fire and supported by *Venoms* using rockets, drove off raiders from Yemen on the Manawa road. At about the same time, Protectorate Levies opposite Harib, to which allusion has been made above, beat off what are described as "fierce" attacks made with the object of, breaking into the village of Shaquiet. Transport aircraft and modern road vehicles have lightened the task since

That might become necessary, but if the business is handled with skill and imagination on the political as well as the military or police side, it ought not to become a costly affair. The Aden Protectorate is not Malaya or Kenya. Even so, it is dangerous to let these practices spread and might be fatal to allow local opinion to conclude that they were likely to become prevalent in future. Many commentators will declare impatiently that it is just one more instance of our inability to put over our own case. Not knowing the situation from the inside in this respect, I am not going to endorse this criticism. I am certain, however, that the affair, small as it is, ought not to be taken lightly.

A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD*—I.



POLAND. MR. CHOU EN-LAI, PRIME MINISTER OF COMMUNIST CHINA, SEEN WITH MR. GOMULKA (RIGHT) AND MR. CYRANKIEWICZ (LEFT) ON HIS ARRIVAL IN WARSAW.

On January 11 Mr. Chou En-Lai arrived in Warsaw from Moscow for a five-day visit. On January 16 a Chinese-Polish declaration, supporting the Kadar régime in Hungary, was signed. Mr. Chou En-Lai then flew on to Hungary.



HUNGARY. MR. CHOU EN-LAI (RIGHT) WITH HUNGARIAN LEADERS ON HIS ARRIVAL IN BUDAPEST ON JANUARY 16.

Mr. Chou En-Lai arrived in Budapest from Warsaw on January 16 for a twenty-four-hour visit. He was met by the Hungarian President and by Mr. Kadar, the Prime Minister. Mr. Chou En-Lai stressed the need for Moscow's leadership and maintaining unity in the Communist world.



CANADA. THE FIRE WHICH DESTROYED THE CHURCH OF ST. ELIZABETH DU PORTUGAL IN MONTREAL, QUEBEC. The late nineteenth-century church of St. Elizabeth du Portugal, in Quebec, was gutted in a fire which broke out recently. As frequently happens in Canada at this time of year, the firemen were hampered by the extreme cold.



AUSTRALIA. THE KILT AN INSULT TO A MAN'S DIGNITY? TROOPS OF AN AUSTRALIAN SCOTTISH REGIMENT ON PARADE.

On January 8 fifteen young Australians were sentenced to forty-two days' detention because they had refused to wear the kilt when they were drafted to a battalion affiliated to the Black Watch at North Sydney.



CANADA. LIKE AN ATOMIC EXPLOSION: A FIRE IN WHICH THOUSANDS OF GALLONS OF PETROL WERE LOST. A fire which occurred at Montreal on January 8 destroyed large quantities of petrol and crude oil and caused injuries to eight people. The damage caused is estimated at approximately £1,000,000.



U.S.A. MR. DULLES (RIGHT) ADDRESSING THE SENATE FOREIGN RELATIONS AND ARMED SERVICES COMMITTEES ON THE PRESIDENT'S MIDDLE EAST PROPOSALS.

On Jan. 14 Mr. Dulles encountered strong criticism from the Democrats when he addressed the above-named Committees. The debatable parts of the proposals are the methods by which the agreed objective of preventing Communist domination of the Middle East is to be achieved.



U.S.A. A CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN BOSTON DESTROYED BY FIRE—THE FIFTH CHURCH FIRE IN THE AREA IN A MONTH.

On January 12 a Congregational church in Boston was destroyed by fire. It was the fifth church fire in the area in the past month. The church was about a hundred years old and damage was estimated at over 100,000 dollars.

* This phrase, which is generally descriptive of the contents and object of "The Illustrated London News" for the last forty years, is taken from the Memoirs of the late Walter H. Page, U.S. Ambassador in London, 1913-1918.

A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—II.



TEES-SIDE, NORTH-EAST ENGLAND. BRITISH ROADS' BIGGEST LOAD—AN AMMONIA ABSORPTION TOWER—BEING EDGED THROUGH MIDDLESBROUGH.



TEES-SIDE, NORTH-EAST ENGLAND. UTTERLY DWARFING A DOUBLE-DECKER BUS, THE 130-FT.-LONG TOWER MOVES AT 6 MILES PER DAY FROM STOCKTON-ON-TEES TO WILTON, YORKS. ITS WEIGHT WAS 93 TONS.

This huge steel construction, an ammonia absorption tower built by Ashmore, Benson, Pease and Co., of Stockton-on-Tees, for the huge new I.C.I. plant at Wilton was recently moved by road the 18 miles from Stockton to Wilton in a major operation taking three days. 15 ft. in diameter, the tower is claimed as the biggest load ever carried by road in the U.K.



LONDON. FROM CANNON STREET: A VIEW (LEFT) OF WHAT WILL BE THE FRONTAGE OF THE NEW BANK OF ENGLAND OFFICES.

The second of the two large new office buildings immediately east of St. Paul's Cathedral is nearing completion. This is the Bank of England office building, which can be seen above still covered in scaffolding. On the right is the already-completed Gateway House.



LONDON. ON THE SITE OF THE TEMPLE OF MITHRAS: THE STEEL FRAMEWORK OF BUCKLESBURY HOUSE, THE FOURTEEN-STOREY BUILDING WHICH IS BEING ERECTED NEAR MANSION HOUSE.

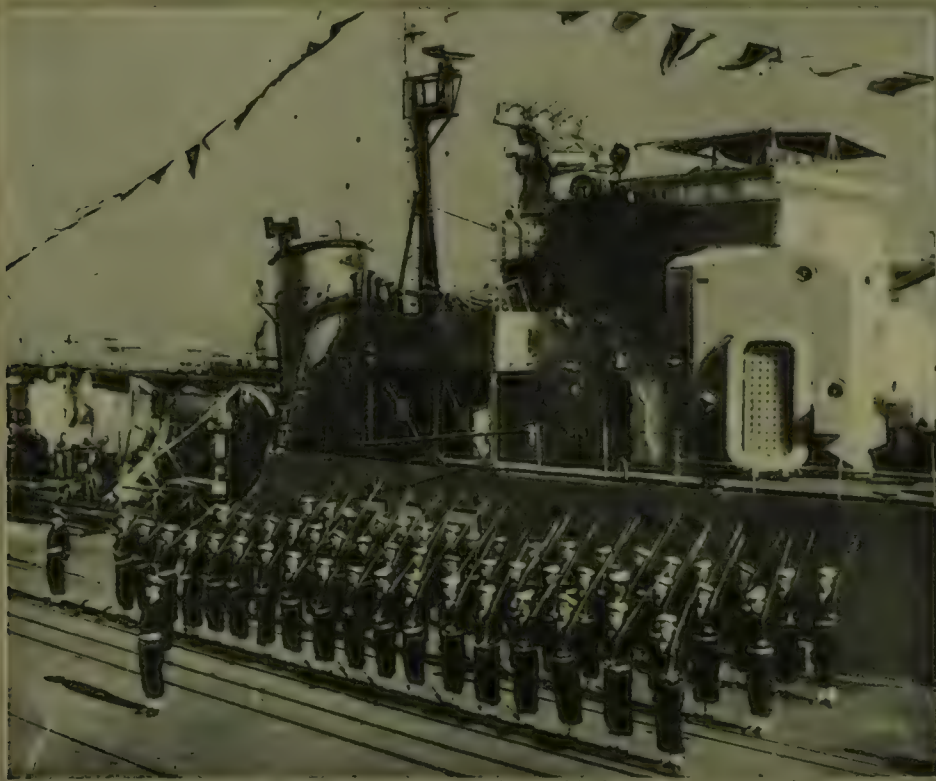


RHODESIA. AT KARIBA: MR. LENNOX-BOYD, THE COLONIAL SECRETARY, WITH LADY PATRICIA LENNOX-BOYD AND SIR MALCOLM BARROW. (RIGHT). During his tour of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, Mr. Lennox-Boyd, the Colonial Secretary, made a tour of the site of the Kariba hydro-electric project on the Zambezi. This photograph shows him at Kariba with his wife, Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd, and Sir Malcolm Barrow, Federal Minister of Commerce and Industry and Minister of Power.



LONDON. SUPREME CHAMPION OF THE RECENT PEKINGESE CLUB'S CHAMPIONSHIP SHOW: GOOFUS LE GRISBIE, OWNED BY MRS. OGLE. The Pekingese Club's Championship Show was held at the Seymour Hall, in London, on January 16. There was an entry of 238 and the judge was Mr. Frank Warner Hill. The Supreme Champion of the Show was a young dog, Goofus Le Grisbie.

A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—III.



ISRAEL. EGYPT'S LOSS BECOMES ISRAEL'S GAIN: AN ISRAELI NAVAL GUARD OF HONOUR DRAWN UP FOR THE CEREMONY OF THE RENAMING OF THE CAPTURED EGYPTIAN FRIGATE *IBRAHIM AW'AL* BY THE PRESIDENT OF ISRAEL AT HAIFA.



ISRAEL. THE EGYPTIAN NAMEPLATE *IBRAHIM AW'AL* IS REMOVED TO REVEAL THE FRIGATE'S NEW NAME, *HAIFA*, ON ENTERING THE ISRAELI NAVY.

On October 31 the sixteen-year-old Egyptian frigate *Ibrahim Aw'al* (1000 tons)—formerly the "Hunt" class destroyer *Cottesmore*—was captured by the Israelis off Haifa in a brief action. On January 15, in the presence of Mr. Ben Zvi, President of Israel, she entered the Israeli Navy under the name of *Haifa*, commemorating the place of her capture.



FRANCE. THE CIVIL CEREMONY: PRINCESS HELENE DE FRANCE SIGNING THE REGISTER AFTER HER CIVIL WEDDING TO COMTE EVRARD DE LIMBURG STIROM AT LOUVECIENNES. On January 17 Princess Hélène de France, second daughter of the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, was married to Comte Evrard de Limburg Stirum, a Belgian, in the Royal chapel at Dreux. The guests included Queen Frederika of the Hellenes and Princess Alexandra of Kent. The civil ceremony took place on the previous day.



FRANCE. THE RELIGIOUS CEREMONY: PRINCESS HELENE HAVING THE WEDDING-RING PLACED ON HER FINGER BY HER BRIDEGROOM IN THE ROYAL CHAPEL AT DREUX.



EGYPT. AT THE MEETING OF ARAB LEADERS IN CAIRO ON JANUARY 18: A CONVERSATION BETWEEN (L. TO R.) THE SYRIAN PRIME MINISTER, MR. EL ASSALI, KING SAUD OF SAUDI ARABIA, AND PRESIDENT NASSER. KING SAUD WAS ON HIS WAY TO WASHINGTON FOR A STATE VISIT.



EGYPT. A CHAT WITH PRESIDENT NASSER: KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN SEEN IN THE RECEPTION TENT AT CAIRO AIRPORT SOON AFTER HIS ARRIVAL.

On January 18 three Arab leaders, King Saud of Saudi Arabia, King Hussein of Jordan and Mr. el Assali, the Syrian Prime Minister, gathered in Cairo for talks with President Nasser. On January 20 an "Arab Solidarity agreement" was signed, by which the three other States will together provide Jordan with substantial financial assistance over the next ten years. This aid is to be used entirely for the Jordan armed forces.

A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—IV.



U.S.A. THE GREAT AMERICAN DROUGHT: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AND THE U.S. SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE (RIGHT) INSPECTING THE DROUGHT AREA.

On January 14 President Eisenhower, as part of his 4500-mile tour of the areas of the United States at present suffering from a drought now in its eighth year, inspected a stricken farm near Woodward, Oklahoma. Many smaller farmers have become bankrupt through the drought.



SINGAPORE. A NEW 'R.A.F. OFFICERS' CLUB SWIMMING-POOL AT CHANGI IS DECLARED OPEN BY AIR-MARSHAL SIR FRANCIS FRESSANGES, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, FAR EAST AIR FORCE.



SINAI. AN ISRAELI SOLDIER TAKING DOWN THE NATIONAL FLAG IN EL ARISH AS THE ISRAELI ARMY WITHDREW FROM THE TOWN ON JANUARY 15.



WEST GERMANY. DURING A RECENT EXERCISE: TROOPS OF THE NEW WEST GERMAN ARMY LOADING AMMUNITION INTO A TANK AT AMBERG.



NORTHERN IRELAND. SEVERELY DAMAGED BY RAIDERS: THE RECENTLY-COMPLETED TERRITORIAL ARMY BARRACKS AT DUNGANNON, CO. TYRONE.

On January 18 four raiders with explosives severely damaged the new Territorial Army barracks at Dungannon, Co. Tyrone. No one was injured. The building had recently been completed at a cost of £40,000. After the explosion the area was cordoned off and a search made for the raiders.



U.S.A. IN HONOUR OF A GREAT CONDUCTOR: THE REQUIEM MASS FOR ARTURO TOSCANINI HELD IN ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, NEW YORK.



U.S.A. DURING THE LYING-IN-STATE: GIOVANNI MARTINELLI, THE FAMOUS TENOR, PAYING HIS LAST RESPECTS AT TOSCANINI'S BIER.

On January 19 a Requiem Mass was sung in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, for Arturo Toscanini, the great conductor, who died at the age of eighty-nine on January 16. The service was conducted by Cardinal Spellman, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York. The burial is to take place in the family chapel in Milan.

THE FUNERAL OF THE EARL OF ATHLONE; AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S TOUR.



(Above.)
ON THE "LONELIEST ISLAND IN THE WORLD": THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (RIGHT) TALKING TO MR. AND MRS. GLASS AND TWO OF THEIR DAUGHTERS ON TRISTAN DA CUNHA.



STEERING A LONGBOAT ASHORE FROM THE ROYAL YACHT: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE TILLER OF *LORNA*, WITH COXSWAIN SWALES. These photographs (above and left) were taken during the Duke of Edinburgh's visit to the lonely South Atlantic island of Tristan da Cunha on January 18. One shows the Duke (still bearded) at the tiller of the longboat as he sailed ashore from the Royal yacht; and the other shows the Royal visitor talking to a family on the island.

(Right.)
THE MILITARY FUNERAL OF THE EARL OF ATHLONE AT WINDSOR CASTLE ON SATURDAY, JAN. 19: THE COFFIN BEING CARRIED IN SLOW PROCESSION UP TO THE WEST DOOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WHERE THE SERVICE TOOK PLACE.

The military funeral of Major-General the Earl of Athlone, a great-uncle of the Queen, took place at St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, on Jan. 19. Among the Royal mourners were her Majesty the Queen, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret. A reflection of the part that Lord Athlone had played in public life was the presence of the High Commissioners for Canada and the Union of South Africa and of representatives of many organisations concerned with various good causes. The coffin was borne to the Chapel in slow procession and to the sound of mournful music. A thirteen-gun salute, befitting a Major-General, was fired and the "Last Post" and "Reveille" were sounded after the coffin had been lowered into the vault. A large congregation also attended a memorial service at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, on the same day.



ON HER WAY FROM SANDRINGHAM TO THE FUNERAL AT WINDSOR: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN LEAVING LIVERPOOL STREET STATION ACCOMPANIED BY QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET (RIGHT).



AFTER LEAVING THE RAILWAY STATION THE COFFIN, MOUNTED ON A GUN-CARRIAGE, IS CARRIED IN SLOW PROCESSION TO THE KING HENRY VIII GATEWAY OF WINDSOR CASTLE AND FROM THERE TO ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

THE WHEEZERS AND DODGERS.

"THE SECRET WAR, 1939-45." By GERALD PAWLE.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"THE SECRET WAR" is a title which might mislead people at first sight: it carries with it an atmosphere of nocturnal stealth, kidnappings, purloined documents and Olga the Beautiful Spy. But Mr. Pawle is not concerned with underground movements or espionage: his "secrets" are secrets of the order of Hitler's V1 and V2: secret weapons and other instruments of war. Just after Dunkirk, when we certainly needed every sort of assistance we could get, "the Admiralty set up a secret department to devise new methods of discomfiting the enemy and breaking their stranglehold on the war at sea. Formed under the scientific leadership of a brilliant and resourceful Canadian, Lieut.-Commander Charles Goodeve, R.N.V.R., it was first known as the Inspectorate of Anti-aircraft Weapons and Devices." It blossomed into the Department of Military Weapons and Devices, and became generally known as the Department of Wheezes and Dodgers. It began in a small way with its band of civilians in uniform looked at askance and obstructed by case-hardened livers-in-the-past. It ended by being a sort of Maid of All Work which was referred to whenever anybody was desperately in need of a Dodge or a Wheeze to solve some new problem or resist some new form of attack. It began in a small way, and finished by taking a very great rôle in the development of the artificial harbours which were an essential of the Normandy Invasion, and in the devisal of a variety of machines intended either to break down the Atlantic Wall (which, in the relevant places, did not, as a solid obstacle, exist) or to protect troops by an avalanche of rockets during the first stages of landing.

It is the old story of the spear and the shield. Somebody invents a new offensive weapon; somebody else sets out to think of something which will be a defence against it, and, as a rule, does think of something, in spite of the shaking of old, wise heads. At the moment the chief danger, not merely to us but to all mankind, seems to be the jet-propelled rocket, rising at colossal speeds to great heights (and Hitler's V2 certainly showed the way), with a hydrogen-bomb war-head. It must be supposed that here, as in other countries, Wheezers and Dodgers are being asked to invent some Wheeze or Dodge which will intercept the things in mid-career and either explode them a hundred miles above the earth or else divert their course, so that they turn back—let us hope to their country of origin, and do not fall on a friendly or neutral nation. Should that Wheeze or Dodge be invented, at once people will begin to investigate ways and means of counteracting it. In my youth there was a Tramp-Poet who was acclaimed because he had slept, in the cold, on the Embankment, and whose most memorable line was, "So we go round the ruddy Ring of Roses." But it really does look like it, doesn't it?

That has always been so, in recorded human history: the sad author of Ecclesiastes recorded his view on the matter; so did Gibbon. There have always been those who hoped and those who

despaired: those who thought the spears and arrows must win, and those who thought, hoping against hope, that a defence could still be contrived, believing that all Christian men (and I am not excluding men of other religions if they take them seriously) could still contrive a defence against the slings and arrows. That is, however, to bring the thing into a metaphysical sphere. There is certainly no approach to that in this book. The little group were told to do jobs. At great risk they did them. One of the most ingenious amongst them was N. S. Norway, who writes a preface to the book. When unwell, in the course of his inventions, he wrote a book called "The Pied Piper"—being also Nevil Shute the celebrated novelist. As well as writing the preface he is one of many whose characters are clearly and affectionately described by Mr. Pawle, who, himself, had a career in the Navy.

But, I must confess, the book bewilders and bedazzles me. "Weapons and Devices" didn't begin with the last war and haven't finished yet. Before the Wheezers and Dodgers began Lord Louis Mountbatten had a long and difficult fight to get Oerlikon guns adopted by the Navy. He is now, as his great father was, First Sea Lord, but, in spite of his rank and his brains, he had a hard row to hoe. He, brilliant and determined as a young man as he is now, had to force the Oerlikons into the Fleets. In the end cold statistics reveal that the United States alone spent 2,000,800,000,000 dollars on this particular Oerlikon cannon which Earl Mountbatten had

bred by the Wheezers and Dodgers were not so simple. Even before the Department came into existence its embryonic parent had to consider rather wild ideas. For example, "It has been suggested

THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. GERALD PAWLE.

Mr. Gerald Pawle was educated at St. Peter's, York, and joined the *Yorkshire Post* before he was eighteen. He served in the R.N.V.R. during World War II, starting as an Ordinary Seaman and eventually becoming Flag Lieut.-Commander to the C-in-C., Mediterranean, Admiral of the Fleet Sir John Cunningham. For several years he was on the editorial staff of *The Sunday Times*. He has written extensively for radio and television.

that a means of causing magnetic mines to explode harmlessly may be found by attaching small but strong permanent magnets to flat fish, and distributing these fish over the sea bottom. The fish, moving in search of food, would, at short range, bring mines under the influence of a magnetic field and consequently cause explosion. The questions are: (1) Whether the influence of a magnet which could be carried by a fish would be effective; and (2) Whether the scheme is possible from the 'fish' point of view."

All through the book wild suggestions from outside are recorded. Some, indeed, of the notions which the Department itself seriously considered, and reluctantly abandoned, appear to me pretty wild. As I read this book, full of trial and errors, I occasionally wondered whether or not the head of the Department wasn't Rear-Admiral Sir William Heath-Robinson, K.C.B., R.N. So many schemes went wrong; so many machines ran amok or exploded; so many things didn't work.

The main point is that some things did work: without Pluto (which meant Pipe Line Under the Ocean) and Mulberry (the name was the invention of Vice-Admiral Hughes-Hallett, now M.P. for North-East Croydon) we could not have pulled off the invasion.

This book is so crowded with details that I cannot do it justice here. Or, rather, I cannot do justice to all the people who are involved in the story, some of whom died in their service.

It is a well-written book: crowded with people (even Wrens) and events, and full of pages during which one holds one's breath. It brings the whole period back between Dunkirk (at which time the whole world, except ourselves, thought we were beaten) and the tremendous recovery on the Normandy beaches.

Things aren't very cheerful now, but every Englishman would do well to fortify himself with the memory of that recovery. This book should help him.

* Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 160 of this issue.



THE GUIDING GENIUS OF THE WHEEZERS AND DODGERS, WHO LATER BECAME VICE-CHIEF OF THE NAVAL STAFF, RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT: COMMANDER SIR CHARLES GOODEVE, O.B.E., F.R.S., R.N.V.R.



FITTED TO THE BRIDGE OF A MERCHANT AIRCRAFT-CARRIER AS PROTECTION AGAINST BOMB SPLINTERS AND CANNON GUNFIRE: PLASTIC ARMOUR MARK III, KNOWN AS P.P.P. (PLASTIC PROTECTIVE PLATING).

Photograph reproduced by courtesy of the Imperial War Museum.



ON THE BEACH AT INSTOW AFTER BEING LAUNCHED FROM ITS LANDING-CRAFT: THE GREAT PANJANDRUM—A GIANT EXPLOSIVE WHEEL FOR BREACHING THE ATLANTIC WALL. AFTER EXHAUSTIVE AND DANGEROUS TRIALS THE PROJECT WAS RELUCTANTLY ABANDONED.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Secret War, 1939-45"; by courtesy of the publisher, George Harrap and Co. Ltd.

had to fight so hard and so long to introduce into the Royal Navy—and they employed over 460,000 men and women to make it.

The Oerlikon was just a simple thing: just a quick-firing gun. But the things conceived and

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



VICE-CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY:
MR. J. C. MASTERMAN.

On January 14, Mr. J. C. Masterman, Provost of Worcester, succeeded Mr. A. H. Smith, Warden of New College, who has retired because of ill-health, as Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University. Mr. Masterman, who is 66, has been Provost of Worcester since 1946. He was a Student at Christ Church from 1919-46. He has represented England at lawn tennis and hockey.



AN UNCHANGED GOVERNMENT APPOINTMENT: SIR R. MANNINGHAM-BULLER.

Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller retains his office as Attorney-General, it was announced in the list of Ministerial appointments published on January 17. He is aged fifty-one, has held this office since 1954 and was formerly Solicitor-General from 1951. He was educated at Eton and Magdalen College, Oxford, and was called to the Bar in 1927.



ALSO RETAINING HIS FORMER APPOINTMENT: SIR H. HYLTON-FOSTER.

Sir Harry Hylton-Foster retains his appointment as Solicitor-General. This was made known in the list of new Ministerial appointments published on January 17. Sir Harry Hylton-Foster, who was educated at Eton and Magdalen College, Oxford, has been Solicitor-General since 1954. He was called to the Bar in 1928. He is Member of Parliament for York.



APPOINTED FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY: THE EARL OF SELKIRK.

Lord Selkirk, who is fifty-one, has been appointed First Lord of the Admiralty in succession to Lord Hailsham. He was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster in the last Cabinet, and he has been a Government spokesman of growing authority in the House of Lords. He was Paymaster-General from 1953-55 and a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen from 1952-53.



(Left.) THE CENTENARIAN "SQUIRE OF PICCADILLY": MR. STONE. Mr. William Stone, known as the "Squire of Piccadilly," who has lived for sixty years in Albany, the famous Chambers just off Piccadilly, celebrated his 100th birthday on January 14. He became an Albany trustee in 1895, and Chairman in 1909, a position he held until the age of eighty-five. On his birthday his tenants entertained him to tea in Albany.



THE YOUNGEST WINNER OF THE PRESIDENT'S PUTTER: A. E. SHEPPERSON (L.), WITH LORD MORTON AND G. H. MICKLEM (R.) THE RUNNER-UP. On January 13, A. E. Shepperson, the twenty-year-old Oxford undergraduate, won the President's Putter (which is held by the President in our picture) when he defeated G. H. Micklem, the Walker Cup captain and a former holder, by 3 and 2 at Rye. The final was played in bitterly cold weather, with a strong wind blowing.

(Right.) N.A.T.O. APPOINTMENT: LIEUT.-GEN. SPEIDEL.

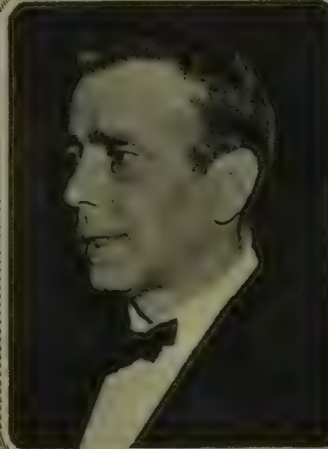
Lieut.-Gen. Speidel is to be the next C.-in-C., N.A.T.O. Land Forces, Central Europe, and will take up the appointment in April, it was announced on January 15. Lieut.-Gen. Speidel, who was Chief of Staff to Rommel in 1944, was arrested later for his part in the attempt on Hitler's life. He is the first German to take a senior N.A.T.O. command.



(Right.) A LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL: LORD JUSTICE ORMEROD. The appointment of Mr. Justice Ormerod as a Lord Justice of Appeal in succession to the late Sir John E. Singleton was announced on Jan. 21. Lord Justice Ormerod, who is sixty-six, became a solicitor in 1913 and was called to the Bar eleven years later. In 1944 he was appointed a Judge of County Courts, and he was raised to the High Court Bench in 1948.



(Left.) AN AMERICAN FILM STAR: THE LATE MR. HUMPHREY BOGART. Mr. Humphrey Bogart, who had been a leading Hollywood figure for twenty years, died there on January 14 at the age of fifty-seven. The son of a physician, he made his first New York stage appearance in 1922. He first went to Hollywood in 1930. Among the very many films in which Mr. Bogart appeared were "The Maltese Falcon" and "The Caine Mutiny."



THE NEW POSTMASTER-GENERAL: MR. ERNEST MARPLES.

Mr. Ernest Marples has been appointed Postmaster-General in succession to Dr. Hill, it was announced in the second list of Ministerial appointments, published on January 17. Mr. Marples had been Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Pensions and National Insurance, and as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Housing and Local Government he helped Mr. Macmillan in his housing drive.



PRESENTED WITH THE B.E.M. IN ISTANBUL: EMINE NEVZAD HASAN, A TURKISH CYPRIOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ARREST OF AN EOKA TERRORIST.

On January 16 Emine Nevzad Hasan, the young Turkish Cypriot woman who was responsible for the arrest of an Eoka terrorist in Cyprus last April, was presented with the B.E.M. at the British Consulate in Istanbul. Mr. Phillip Broad, the U.K. Consul in Istanbul, is seen presenting the medal.



NEW SECRETARY OF STATE FOR AIR: MR. G. WARD.

Mr. George Ward has been appointed Secretary of State for Air in succession to Mr. Birch, it was announced in the second list of Ministerial appointments, published on January 17. Mr. Ward is forty-nine, has served in the R.A.F. and had formerly been Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State, Air Ministry. His last office was Parliamentary and Financial Secretary to the Admiralty.



A PHOTOGRAPH of a queue of would-be emigrants to Canada recently set me thinking of the marvellous story of the development of the Dominion during the past hundred years, and then, by a natural sequence, of the scarcity of visual records of the Canadian past. That brought me inevitably to Cornelius Krieghoff, whose paintings turn up at rare intervals in the London sale rooms and invariably change hands at phenomenal prices. The more unimaginative among us have been heard to register surprise that pictures painted between 1844 and 1871 by a man of such modest talents should be so greatly in demand. It would be far more surprising if Canadians, rightly proud of their past and gloriously confident of their future, were to ignore him, for he was, to all intents and purposes, the only man in all that vast area at that particular time capable of putting down on canvas what he saw around him. Let us have no nonsense about genius in his case. The point is that he was there at the appropriate moment, and was a lively and entertaining recorder of the world about him—the world of the fur traders, of the Indians, of the snow and the forests around Montreal and Quebec. Moreover, he was a character, a natural wanderer, a born Bohemian, a good musician, a good actor, a good mixer, a hearty drinker.

He was born at Düsseldorf, where his father was a wallpaper manufacturer. At the age of eighteen—that is, in 1830—he wandered about Europe paying his way, so the story goes, sometimes with his guitar, sometimes by painting. He eventually found himself in New York, there joined the army and took part in the campaign against the Seminoles in the Everglades, in Florida. After three years he took his discharge, promptly re-enlisted, and as promptly deserted, which makes it rather unlikely that, as one account has it, he was commissioned to make paintings from his Everglades drawings for the War Department Archives. There is apparently no record of these paintings, and the drawings, which belonged to his faithful friend John Budden, were all destroyed in the great fire at Quebec in 1881. It seems an odd thing to do, to re-enlist after three years' service and an honourable discharge and then to desert the very same day (May 5, 1840), but the United States Army Records are explicit. Was it happy-go-lucky Bohemianism?



"A FAMILY IN A SLEIGH": A TYPICAL KRIEGHOFF PAINTING OF A CANADIAN SCENE BOUGHT AT CHRISTIE'S IN DECEMBER 1956. FRANK DAVIS DISCUSSES THE LIFE AND WORK OF CORNELIUS KRIEGHOFF IN HIS ARTICLE THIS WEEK.
(Oil on canvas; 12½ by 17½ ins.)

The answer is bound to be mere guess-work, but it is probable that his affection for a pretty young French-Canadian, Louise Gautier, was the deciding factor. She appears not infrequently in his paintings, and they travelled together to her parents' home at Longueuil, opposite Montreal.

So began this modestly successful but by no means unhappy career in the simplest possible surroundings. A daughter was born in 1841—she also appears in the paintings of this period

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

CANADIAN BEGINNINGS.

and in due course married first an English Army officer, and later an *émigré* Russian count. But they were desperately poor until John Budden, an Englishman and an auctioneer, persuaded Krieghoff to move to Quebec, and Budden and the painter seem to have kept house together for about thirteen years from 1853. Thanks largely to Budden, who was clearly a fine salesman as well as a good friend, Krieghoff's fortunes improved. He sold pictures to Lord Elgin, the



"A SQUAW," BY CORNELIUS KRIEGHOFF, THE GERMAN ARTIST WHO SETTLED IN CANADA AND WORKED THERE FROM ABOUT 1844 UNTIL 1871. THIS PAINTING WAS PRESENTED TO LORD BEAVERBROOK BY DR. M. J. BOYLEN, OF TORONTO.

Governor, and it became the custom for English officers stationed in Quebec to acquire his landscapes to bring home with them after their tour of duty was over. It is this, no doubt, which accounts for their appearance in the London auction rooms to-day. He appears to have sold them for about £10 or £15 each; it seems very little, but living was cheap, and he was able in 1854 to spend six months in Europe, accompanied by Louise. After that we hear no more of her; the daughter Emily lost her first husband and went to live in Chicago with the second. Krieghoff married a stout German, and left Quebec to live near Emily. In 1871 he returned on a visit, enjoyed himself with his old friends, and went back to Chicago. In 1872 he died while writing a letter

to the man who had been mainly responsible for his success, John Budden.

Such, very briefly, would appear to be the story as far as it can be deduced from rather vague and often contradictory evidence. His stature as a painter? By world standards of his day, second- but not third-rate. His importance to Canada as a personality? Immense, for it was he who first opened the eyes of his contemporaries to the visual beauties of the Canadian scene and,

in doing so, left behind him an incomparable record of the way of life of those pioneer days. He himself said he was lazy and merely painted in order to keep himself alive; that was why, he added, he made so many copies of his own pictures. The truth is, of course, that his friends and admirers were little interested in painting, as painting. What they wanted were romantic and reasonably detailed pictures of the activities of themselves and their neighbours—of the French-Canadian farms under the snow, of jolly sleighing parties, of Indian hunters, of remote village scenes, of the maples in their brilliant autumn colours. Incidentally, the good people in England to whom Army officers sent some of these last landscapes as Christmas presents complained that the reds of the trees were too bright—such brilliance, unknown in English woods, was plainly against nature!

Krieghoff, by devious ways and thanks finally to Louise, came to Quebec at exactly the right moment. Had he possessed a different temperament, had he been more ambitious, he would probably have wandered back to New York, and perhaps eventually to Europe. As it was, he fell in love with the magnificent country of his adoption, made a living in the only way possible for him and, to Canada's great good fortune, left these several hundred records of her past which would otherwise have found no interpreter. No wonder that when they turn up in the sale-rooms they command extraordinary prices. Since the comparatively wild and woolly days of Krieghoff, Canadian painters, once content to be regarded as remote and parochial, now demand, and indeed deserve, attention by world standards. One or two—a little group in Quebec, for example—are busily engaged in trying to "rescue painting from the dead-end of abstractionism" (to quote Mr. Alan Jarvis, Director of the National Gallery of Canada, in a recent Canadian number of *The Times*), while, from Montreal, Jean-Paul Riopelle holds his own in Paris and London with the liveliest and most inventive of his contemporaries. In short, Canadian painting is now adult, and can look back to Cornelius Krieghoff's romantic sentiment with affection and respect.

I have to thank Lord Beaverbrook for permission to illustrate three paintings by Krieghoff, including the "Family in a Sleigh," recently purchased at Christie's. The three provide an



"RETURNING FROM THE HUNT," PAINTED BY C. KRIEGHOFF IN ABOUT 1860, AND SHOWING HIM TO BE "A MAN OBVIOUSLY ENCHANTED BY THE WOODS AND WATERWAYS AND HILLS OF THE WILDERNESS."
(Oil on canvas; 18½ by 24 ins.)

These paintings are reproduced by courtesy of Lord Beaverbrook.

excellent idea of the painter's range and quality as an acute observer of men and things, and, in the fine landscape "Returning from the Hunt," as a man obviously enchanted by the woods and waterways and hills of the wilderness. These, and the collection of paintings by British artists now gradually being gathered together, will in due course be hung in the modern gallery in course of construction at Fredericton, New Brunswick, as part of the Beaverbrook Foundation.



RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY AN AMERICAN GALLERY: "THE MADONNA AND CHILD IN A GOTHIC INTERIOR"—A HITHERTO UNRECORDED MASTERPIECE BY PETRUS CHRISTUS (c. 1410-72).

At the end of last year the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art, Atkins Museum, Kansas City, Missouri, acquired this very fine panel by the Flemish artist, Petrus Christus. In the light of modern research this artist has emerged as one of the leading figures working at Bruges, where he was active between 1444 (three years after the death of Jan van Eyck) and 1472. This work, dated by Dr. Friedländer to before 1450 and by Professor Panofsky to around 1455, shows the strong influences of both van Eyck and

Rogier van der Weyden. A notable feature of the composition is its magnificent depth, achieved by the effective figure of St. Joseph entering the interior at the back, and by the glimpses of the view outside seen through the window and the door. This important work, which was previously unknown, though an inscription on the back associates it with the collection of the Duchesse de Berry, daughter-in-law of Charles X of France, makes a most notable addition to the collection of the Nelson Gallery. (Oil on panel; 27½ by 20 ins.)

Reproduced by courtesy of the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery, Atkins Museum, Kansas City, Mo.



DESOLATION AND OPPORTUNITY.

The future of the devastated area in the City known as the Barbican site is still undecided. On August 29, 1956, it was announced that the Minister of Housing and Local Government had finally rejected the development scheme of the New Barbican Committee (an independent body), and since then the City of London Corporation has been preparing its own revised proposals. A final plan has, however, not yet been published. Although the idea of a comprehensive plan for the area appears to be favoured by the Corporation, the fear has been expressed that the Corporation is not a suitable

body to deal with the problem and that it may well go on delaying making a decision until ultimately the idea of a comprehensive plan is dropped and piecemeal development, with its attendant dangers of ugliness and unsuitability, takes place. One of the main principles of the New Barbican Committee's plan was that of concentrated development—the provision of buildings to house a variety of occupations within one site. The area, of nearly 50 acres, was to include buildings combining commercial and semi-industrial uses and residential accommodation. "Schools, hotels, shops, places of

entertainment and other amenities" were to be built and there was to be "a high proportion of open public space and scrupulous preservation of all historic sites and buildings." The problem of communications was to be dealt with by roads at a number of different levels. The scheme was rejected because, although there was to be residential accommodation, on balance it was thought it would appreciably increase the serious problem of congestion of Central London. The Minister noted that the schemes being considered by the Corporation provided for residential accommodation and thought a

better balance between residential and commercial use would be beneficial. One of these Corporation schemes included plans for three 300-ft.-high blocks of flats, three new schools and a theatre. Among the buildings which can be distinguished in Mr. Flanders' drawing are St. Paul's Cathedral (left centre) with St. Giles, Cripplegate, prominent on the right. The road running from left to right in the centre of the drawing is Moor Lane, and the viewpoint where the drawing was made, Chile House, Ropemaker Street, is the new headquarters of the Nitrate Corporation of Chile.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

MOSTLY OF THINGS TO EAT.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

THERE is a feature which crops up annually, and regularly in certain newspapers and journals at the time of Christmas

and New Year. A team of distinguished literary blokes is invited to name and discuss a few of the books which each has read and found of special interest during the past year. This year I have studied—or perhaps I should say skimmed through—only one such literary symposium. I noted with interest the choice made by each member of the team, but must confess that I did not read all that each had to say about the various books of his choice.

There were one or two books which occurred in practically every man's list. On the other hand, there is one book of outstanding importance, a book which, without a shadow of doubt, may be classed at once as a classic, and which is destined to remain a classic and a household god for the next hundred years or more, but which is not mentioned by one of those hand-picked literary experts. I refer to the recently published "The Constance Spry Cookery Book." What a lapse, and how shallow of them!

Did these literary blokes feel that they must confine their attention to what they are pleased to consider literature? This noble volume (Dent; 50s.) is not only full of wisdom, good counsel and pointers to a high order of pleasure. It is seasoned throughout with countless touches of most felicitous description, and that, surely, is a rare attribute in the usual run of cook-books.

During the Christmas recess we were given a snipe—alas, only one. We turned to Mrs. Spry's great work, and read: "they can be very lightly roasted, and should 'fly through the kitchen.'" We followed this delightful advice, giving the little fellow a bare ten minutes with most succulent esculent results, only wishing that there had been a whole zig (if that is the correct collective noun) of snipes to "fly through the kitchen."

I suppose the highbrows would class Saintsbury's "Notes From a Cellar Book" as literature. There is, too, E. A. Bunyard's "Anatomy of Dessert," though that is perhaps a shade too consciously literary. Maybe, however, its erudition and wisdom save it. But Constance Spry's *magnum opus* is so full of good things to read and to eat that it is at once a godsend and a classic, so that the question of whether it is literature in the eyes of the literary highbrows need not arise. Our much-worn forty-year-old "take-the-yolks-of-two-dozen-eggs; throw-in-a-pail-of-honey," and all that (Mrs. Beeton), now goes to the next rummage sale.

A few weeks ago I wrote about elder trees, and the making of muscat water-ices, using elder flowers to produce a perfect illusion of the flavour of muscat grapes. One of the first things I did on the arrival of Mrs. Spry's book was to look up "Muscat" in the index. It was there all right, with full directions for making not only elder flower muscat water-ices, and elder flower muscat syrup for flavouring, when fresh elder flowers are out of season, but rose-petal jam, and rose-petal syrup for flavouring. Rose-petal jam, I remember, was one of John Fothergill's specialities at

his famous Spreadeagle Inn at Thame. To make this jam, or the syrup, one should grow some of the old varieties, such as the true "Cabbage Rose" and "Rose de Meaux."

Directly I have finished writing this article I must turn back to Constance Spry's Cookery Book, to see what she has to say about boiling an egg—just plain-lightly-boiled for breakfast, for boiling an egg is surely one of the most difficult operations in the whole of culinary practice. One can not see how the damned thing is getting on. How long to give it depends partly upon its size, and even more upon what year, month, or week it was laid—and what a lot of roguery there is in the hens'-egg world! Even the hens themselves are inveterate liars in the matter. Time after time they will proclaim loudly to all the world

My wife learned the art some little time ago and it invariably produces eggs of exactly the right texture. Milky without being runny, and never, thank goodness, frog-spawny. A coddled-egg by this method is served in its shell, like any ordinary boiled-egg-for-breakfast. But in America they apparently have another way of coddling eggs, in which they are coddled and served in a special cup.

During the war—the last one—a good friend in America wrote and asked me if I could procure for her a cup for preparing and serving coddled-eggs. This presented a problem. What is a coddling-cup? I think that was what she called it. I asked several people. None could tell me. I called at

the American Embassy, in London. The Ambassador was away. I was referred to the Embassy library. The librarian was away, too, and none of his subordinates had a clue. I wrote to several china manufacturers—not a hope. But no. It was, I think, a manufacturer in Staffordshire who put me in touch with a foreign chef at an hotel in the north of England, who again put me in touch with the firm of Doulton—or was it Wedgwood? I forget. Anyway, I wrote to the firm, who replied yes, they made the special coddling-cup, but *only and strictly for export*. In the end, by special pleading, and explaining that I wanted the cups for very special export as a small token of gratitude for untold quantities of tea and food parcels from one of the most generous of all Americans, I managed to secure the precious cups and send them safely to my friend. That, I assure you, is a true story, even the American Embassy episode, though I have forgotten quite a number of the other fantastic incidents in my long and complicated hunt for what was really a very simple domestic gadget.

By far our most attractive Christmas decoration this year was not inside the house. It happened quite fortuitously as an enchanting freak in the garden. Quite near the house there is a very large old "Annie Elizabeth" apple tree. Last autumn it carried an exceptionally heavy crop of apples, about two-thirds of which fell or were gathered in the ordinary way. But for some reason or other a great many apples remained upon the leafless branches, and there they still remain, hundreds of them, and a very beautiful sight they are, a multitude of gold and rosy-red fruits with a colourful carpet of hundreds of others on the grass beneath. What a heart-breaking thing a glut of perfectly good fruit is, and that is what my apple crop amounts to this season. Apples here just now are white elephants. Neither the shops nor the hotels want them—at any price. We have stored what we need for home use, and have given away all that we could persuade friends and neighbours to accept. As to windfalls I told a pig-keeping small-holder to come and help himself. He could harvest several sacks full. But so far he has not put in an appearance.

But I wish I knew what freak of climate caused those myriads of "Annie Elizabeths" to remain on the old tree, not only as a splendid Christmas decoration, but well into the New Year.



GARDENING IN THE GRAND MANNER IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: "THE GARDEN OF A CHATEAU," BY JACOB VAN DER ULFT (c. 1627-1689). SIGNED AND DATED 1654. (Gouache on vellum; 12½ by 16½ ins.)

This pleasing picture provides a summary of good garden husbandry of the period: fruit trees in espalier and trained on walls, beds sloped to catch the sun, low walls and architectural ornament, a knot garden, strip beds like those of a physic garden, generous gravel walks and even a bridge and canal to complete the formal amenities.

that they have laid an egg, and then, when you go to look, as like as not she is merely making a pass at the rooster. In the case of my own half-dozen hens there is not even that excuse, for the poor dears are strictly celibate. There is, however, a method of producing a boiled-egg-for-breakfast, without actually boiling it. It is known as coddling.

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ENGLAND, CYPRUS, AND FRANCE: A MISCELLANY OF NEWS ITEMS.



(Left.) CAUGHT AT NEWARK AFTER BEING AT LARGE FOR THREE DAYS: R. MASKILL (ABOVE) AND F. ELLIS, TWO "DANGEROUS" ESCAPED INMATES OF RAMPTON MENTAL INSTITUTION.



Two men, Frank Ellis and Richard Maskill, who escaped from Rampton mental institution, in Nottinghamshire, on the night of January 18 were caught by police at Newark on January 21. After their escape they broke into two homes at Tuxford, terrifying the occupants. In one, Mr. Collingburn, a railway worker, was attacked and seriously injured. At the other home the occupants, Mr. and Mrs. Hemsall, spent two "desperate hours" with the escaped men, who were armed with hatchets and who watched television with them, after ordering them not to move. Their third "victim," Mrs. Wagner, of Weston, gave the alarm which led to their capture.

(Right.) THE YOUNG COUPLE WHO SPENT TWO "DESPERATE HOURS" WITH THE ESCAPED LUNATICS: MR. AND MRS. HEMSALL, OF TUXFORD, WITH THEIR BABY DAUGHTER.



MR. MALIK, THE LEBANESE FOREIGN MINISTER (RIGHT), WITH MR. SELWYN LLOYD.

On his way to the United Nations in New York, Mr. Malik, the Lebanese Foreign Minister, called at Paris and London to acquaint the French and British Foreign Ministers with the views of the Arab States and of Colonel Nasser; and to help any mediation possible.



RESPONSIBLE FOR KILLING THE TERRORIST, DRAKOS: (L. TO R.) L/CPL. FOWLER, CPL. KING AND PTE. WOODS. On January 18, in the western mountains of Cyprus, a patrol of "D" Company, the 1st Bn., The Suffolk Regiment, surprised and shot an EOKA terrorist, who was later discovered to be the leader, Markos Drakos, on whose head there was a price of £5000, a man known to be in close contact with Grivas.



READY FOR INSTALLATION IN THE COMET 3: A ROLLS-ROYCE AVON R.A. 29 ENGINE. This photograph of the Rolls-Royce Avon R.A. 29 engine shows the slinging points and the two forward-mounting spigots. The two large pipes on either side of the engine conduct hot air from the rear of the compressor for engine de-icing purposes.



SHOPLIFTERS, BEWARE! A DETECTIVE WATCHES THE MONITOR SCREENS OF A TELEVISION DETECTION SYSTEM SET UP IN A LARGE PARIS STORE. SIX CAMERAS HAVE BEEN INSTALLED AT STRATEGIC POINTS.



FROM BUDAPEST TO LONDON: THE HUNGARIAN BALLERINA, MARGIT MULLER, AS ODETTE IN "SWAN LAKE." MISS MULLER, WHO CAME TO ENGLAND AS A REFUGEE, HAS JOINED THE FESTIVAL BALLET.

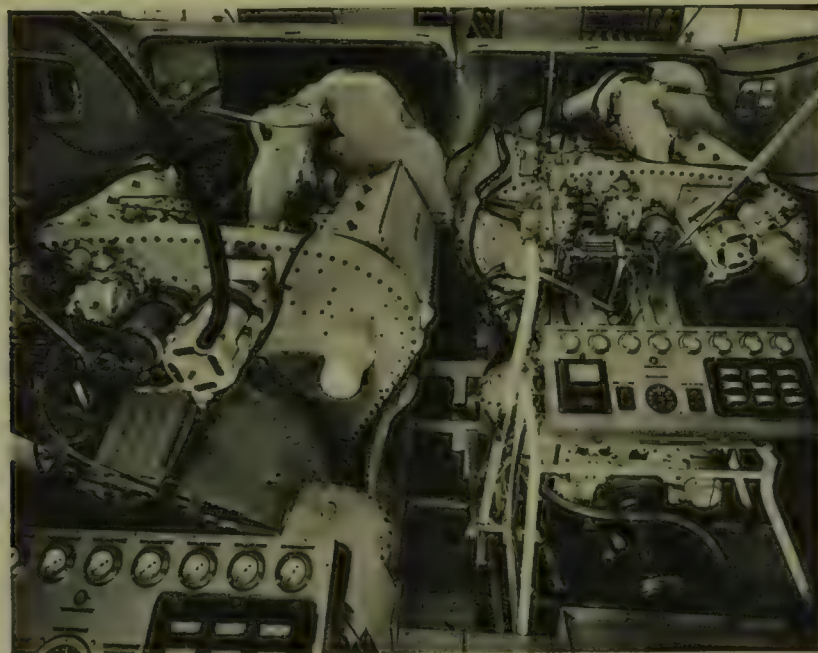


BETTER A BUS THAN A CAT: A SCENE IN THE CORNISH VILLAGE OF MOUSEHOLE, NEAR PENZANCE, WHERE THE NARROW STREETS MAKE CAREFUL DRIVING THE ORDER OF THE DAY—OR NIGHT.

MATTERS MARITIME; THE POLISH ELECTION; AND TERRORISM IN ALGIERS.



BUILT FOR USE ON LAKE MARACAIBO, VENEZUELA: THE FIRST OF THREE 68-FT. SUPER-FAST PASSENGER LAUNCHES BUILT BY MESSRS. THORNYCROFT'S OF SOUTHAMPTON.



GIVING THE TWIN-SCREW LAUNCH A SPEED OF OVER 31 KNOTS: THE TWO NAPIER DELTIC DIESEL ENGINES TOTALLING 1730 S.H.P. On January 17 John I. Thornycroft and Co. demonstrated at Southampton the first of three 68-ft. fast passenger launches built for Cia. Shell de Venezuela, for service on Lake Maracaibo, in connection with oil-drilling operations. Designed to carry 46 passengers, she is constructed of mild steel and aluminium alloy.



A DARING ALGERIAN TERRORIST ATTEMPT ON THE H.Q. OF GENERAL SALAN: THE TWO DRAIN-PIPES ON A NEIGHBOURING ROOF WHICH WERE USED AS BAZOOKAS. On the night of January 16 two rockets exploded, one in the first-floor offices, the other against the outer wall of the carefully guarded headquarters of General Salan, the French C-in-C. in Algiers. A staff officer was killed and two soldiers wounded. The rockets came from two drain-pipes mounted on a neighbouring roof and were fired electrically.



VOTING IN THE VITAL POLISH ELECTION: MEMBERS OF A POLISH STATE DANCE COMPANY CASTING THEIR VOTES AT THE POLISH EMBASSY IN LONDON. The members of the Polish State Dance Company (which was due to open at the Stoll on January 21) went on the previous day to their Embassy in London, to cast their votes in a general election in which there was for the first time some choice of candidates.



AT HER LAST MOORINGS: THE FAMOUS FRIGATE AMETHYST, WHICH ESCAPED DOWN THE YANGTSE IN 1949, IN A BREAKER'S YARD AT PLYMOUTH. The famous frigate *Amethyst* (1490 tons) is to be broken up. She was reprieved last year so that a film could be made of the spectacular incidents in her history, when in 1949 she escaped down the Yangtse River, defying Chinese Communist shore batteries.



COMMISSIONED AT QUEEN'S ISLAND, BELFAST, ON JANUARY 17: *BONAVENTURE*, THE FIRST CANADIAN-OWNED AIRCRAFT-CARRIER. The aircraft-carrier *Bonaventure* (15,700 tons), which was bought by Canada from Britain to replace *Magnificent* (which has been on loan to her from the Royal Navy), was commissioned on January 17. She was launched in 1945 as the light fleet carrier *Powerful* and lay uncompleted until 1952, when she was purchased by Canada.

ROUND THE WORLD IN 45½ HOURS NON-STOP;
AND ITEMS AERONAUTICAL, U.S. AND BRITISH.



AMERICA'S FIRST SUPERSONIC BOMBER: THE CONVAIR B-58 HUSTLER, CLIMBING DURING TESTS AT FORT WORTH. The Hustler is designed to operate above 50,000 ft. and has four General Electric J-79 turbojets with after-burners. It has a crew of three and is 95 ft. long, with a wingspan of 55 ft.



CLAIMED AS THE WORLD'S FASTEST FIGHTER, WITH "THE SPEED OF A 16-IN. SHELL": A PAIR OF THE U.S.A.F.'S LOCKHEED F-104A STARFIGHTERS IN FLIGHT. The Starfighter, which is designed to fly at more than twice the speed of sound and has already approached the thermal barrier, was publicly displayed in California for the first time last April. The above is, however, the first unrestricted photograph. It can carry various external weapons, including atom bombs.



A RECORD-BREAKING FLIGHT ROUND THE WORLD: A MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE OF THE THREE U.S. AIR FORCE B52 STRATOJETS' 24,325-MILE NON-STOP FLIGHT.



ROUND THE WORLD IN 45 HOURS 19 MINS.: AFTER LANDING AT MARCH AIR FORCE BASE, NEAR LOS ANGELES, THE THREE CREWS ARE DECORATED BY GENERAL LEMAY. On January 18 three United States Air Force B52 Stratojets landed at March Air Force base, near Los Angeles, to complete a record-breaking non-stop flight of 24,325 miles around the world, in 45 hours and 19 mins. The aircraft were refuelled in the air and flew at an average speed of 525 m.p.h. The flight was undertaken as a training mission.



DESIGNED AS A HIGH-SPEED, HIGH-ALTITUDE TARGET: THE U.S. NAVY'S NEW ROCKET-PROPELLED TARGET, THE XKD-4R-1, A SMALL PLASTIC AIRCRAFT.



A NEW FIGHTER FOR THE ROYAL NAVY: THE SUPERMARINE N113 SINGLE-SEAT NAVAL FIGHTER READY FOR TAKE-OFF DURING TRIALS ON H.M.S. ARK ROYAL. On January 16 it was announced that Britain's latest naval fighter—the Vickers Supermarine N113 single-seat naval fighter—had successfully completed a series of trials on H.M.S. Ark Royal. It is the first British aircraft to go into production fitted with "blown flaps."

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

ROUND THE PARISH.

By J. C. TREWIN.

MAYBE the most familiar phrase in the work of Sean O'Casey is the Paycock's "I'm telling you, Joxer, th' whole worl's in a terrible state o' chassis!" So, looking at the plan of this article, am I; before the end I shall (as they said in my youth) have gone skeltering round the parish. Well, it is a season when we are still in the pause between holiday and new adventure. During that week one is apt to go skeltering, calling in the past here, surveying the future there, and coming back now and again, a little shamefacedly, to the present.

Let me begin, at least, in the present, and with O'Casey. The Irish Players, who did "The Shadow of a Gunman" so well at the New Lindsey in October, have now brought it to the Lyric, Hammersmith. I hate to admit that the night is less exciting than it was. How can this be when the company is much the same, and when the play (John Gibson's production) is still the extraordinary piece that darkens from its flare of comedy to black tragedy, and to Donal's lament: "It's terrible to think that little Minnie is dead, but it's still more terrible to think that Davoren and Shields are alive"? Jack MacGowran, as he sits up in bed looking like an eager ferret, can still—as O'Casey asks—manifest frequently "the superstition, the fear, and the malignity of primitive man," though I do not think we would put it in that way. The part whirls past on a race of delighted words. Mr. MacGowran knows just when to stem the race, and to let the cocked eye speak in silence.

In performance, we think more of the comedians, the first sounds of O'Casey's glorious revelry by night, than of Donal Davoren, tenement poet, who has no objection to being mistaken for a gunman (by the right people). At Hammersmith, apart from Mr. MacGowran and Harry Hutchinson's frail and polysyllabic Gallogher—Mr. Hutchinson was Donal at the Court in 1927—the players seem now to be toiling for effect. The acting is efficient; but the comedy does not swirl by as it did: the stream can be sluggish. It is no fault of the play which can stand many hearings. What then is the cause? I believe that the trouble can be traced to an unwise choice of curtain-raiser. At the Lindsey we had Michael Molloy's "The Paddy Pedlar" which did not cloud the night, even though we had been willing to have "The Shadow of a Gunman" alone (there was no curtain-raiser when I saw Sinclair at the Court).

At Hammersmith the choice, for some reason, is Tieresa Deevey's "Light Falling," as stilted an anecdote as I have met for some time, though this is not a period in which short plays (it is probably unfair to talk of "curtain-raisers") can multiply. The professional theatre has ceased to worry about padding out its night. Sometimes, I agree, nights are too short; but I do not think anyone would have grumbled had we been left with one play at Hammersmith, or—alternatively—if one of O'Casey's own short pieces had lifted the curtain. "Light Falling" merely dashed our spirits: Mr. MacGowran had produced it slowly, and only J. G. Devlin appeared to have his part in focus. At the end one could have quoted another snatch of O'Casey (from "The Silver Tassie"): "I can see no marvellous meaning jumpin' out of that." Spirits, once dashed, remained so for "The Shadow"; I am sorry because Mr. MacGowran is an actor of intense relish, and a company of Irish Players must always be welcome.

I look forward presently to cheering myself with a long-playing record of "Juno

and the Paycock," acted by Cyril Cusack, Siobhan McKenna, and a cast to match. My colleague Alan Dent, in an eloquent prefatory note, says:

O'Casey strikingly dedicated another of his plays "To the Gay Laugh of my Mother at the Gate of the Grave," and in all his best work we have a large amount of the laughter springing readily from his conviction that there is a great deal of laughter in workaday life, a laughter that persists right up to the edge of what may or may not be eternal darkness.



RENOWNED FOR HIS PRODUCTIONS OF THE SHAKESPEARIAN HISTORIES: MR. D. SEALE, WHO IS PRODUCING THREE THIS YEAR—ONE AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, ONE IN LONDON, AND ONE IN BIRMINGHAM.

Mr. Douglas Seale, who has been for some years producer at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, was an actor and a member of the Stratford-upon-Avon Festival Company in 1946 and 1947. He has become renowned for his productions of the Shakespearean Histories, three of which he is doing this year—"Henry the Fifth" at Birmingham on February 12; "King John" at Stratford-upon-Avon on April 16, and "Richard the Third" at the Old Vic towards the end of May. His production of the "Henry the Sixth" trilogy and the two parts of "Henry the Fourth" are notable in memory.

More, then, of this as soon as my chance comes. Meantime, I have been preparing myself (and also solacing myself for that partial disappointment at Hammersmith) by re-reading "Juno," one of the miraculous plays of our age: one that will keep enduring the fame of its dramatist who has long lived in a Devon borough that he calls "Totnes of gentle mien."

When "The Plough and the Stars" (the play of the dedication), which ranks with "Juno," was done in Dublin early in 1926, there was the customary Abbey Theatre riot. It was on this occasion that W. B. Yeats came forward with the stern words: "Is this going to be a recurring celebration of Irish genius? Synge first, and then O'Casey. Dublin has once more rocked the cradle of a reputation. From such a scene in this theatre went forth the fame of Synge. Equally the fame of O'Casey is born here to-night: It is apotheosis."

"From such a scene . . ." Yeats was thinking of the première of J. M. Synge's "The Playboy of the Western World." It is just fifty years since January 26, 1907 when "The Playboy" was met at the Abbey with fury that turned, on a second

establish a Society for the Preservation of Irish Humour." There is no need to establish a society to preserve "The Playboy." It fulfils Synge's belief that "in a good play speech should be as fully flavoured as a nut or an apple, and such speeches cannot be written by anyone who works among people who have shut their lips on poetry." I am glad that one London company, that of Theatre Workshop at Stratford-atte-Bowe, is presenting a brief commemorative revival.

Another, a modern, Irish play of worth, "The Iron Harp," by the actor Joseph O'Connor, is to be acted this spring by the Bristol Old Vic company. I saw it at Guildford in the autumn of 1955, and found it a tragedy—for so it is—to remember. Its title comes from the legend of the Harper of Finn whose instrument had three strings: the bronze put listeners to sleep, the silver to mirth, the iron to tears. We had no inclination to sleep. O'Connor (as I wrote at the time) had been honest with himself and with us, refusing—even though he must have known it would mar his work commercially—to wrench the piece to any false conclusion.



THE TRAGIC AND BRIEF LOVE AFFAIR: MINNIE POWELL (GRANIA O'SHANNON) AND DONAL DAVOREN (DESMOND JORDAN) IN A SCENE FROM SEAN O'CASEY'S "SHADOW OF A GUNMAN" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).



AN "EXTRAORDINARY PIECE THAT DARKENS FROM ITS FLARE OF COMEDY TO BLACK TRAGEDY": "SHADOW OF A GUNMAN," SHOWING A SCENE IN THE DUBLIN TENEMENT WITH THE LANDLORD, ADOLPHUS GRIGSON (PATRICK MAGEE; IN BOWLER HAT), DONAL DAVOREN (DESMOND JORDAN; LEFT), SEUMAS SHIELDS (JACK MACGOWRAN; ON BED), AND MRS. GRIGSON (SHELA WARD) LOOKING ON.

night, to organised uproar. Dublin thought that the dramatist, in his treatment of peasant life, had been too uncompromising, and Synge murmured, during the gale: "We shall have to

The principal repertories, I observe, now go gallantly into the fight with new plays. Both Birmingham (which has three hitherto unacted plays on the list) and Bristol Old Vic (which has one, as well as a Swiss musical piece, fresh to this country) are doing work by a schoolmaster, John Hall, who won the Arts Council bursary for playwrights during 1955-56.

The Bristol play (June 25) is called "The Strangers." That at Birmingham, due a fortnight later, is "The Lizard on the Rock," set in the Western Australian desert. It is to be directed by a splendid producer, Douglas Seale, known widely now as a master of the Shakespearean histories. He is to open the Birmingham season, on February 12, by producing "Henry the Fifth." Later he will stage "King John" at Stratford and "Richard the Third" at the Old Vic, work to be collected by all who remember his three parts of "Henry the Sixth" (at both Birmingham and the Vic), the two parts of "Henry the Fourth" (Old Vic), and the Birmingham "Richard the Second" in which Jack May varied so memorably the Montague-Benson reading of Richard. Mr. Seale's first Stratford production (April 16) will interest many who recall him as a playing member of the company during the seasons of 1946 and 1947.

The name of Shakespeare reminds me that, on February 1, we celebrate the bicentenary of the birth of a great tragedian, John Philip Kemble (brother of Mrs. Siddons), of whom there will be time to write again: "His was the spell o'er hearts Which only Acting lends." And unless this article skelters off into the margin, here at length I must stop, momentarily spell-bound.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

- "THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD" (Theatre Royal, Stratford).—Synge's comedy, revived by Theatre Workshop. (January 16.)
- "MAZOWSZE" (Stoll).—The Polish State Dance Company. (January 21.)
- "THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA" (Old Vic).—Shakespeare's rarely revived comedy. (January 22.)
- "NO LAUGHING MATTER" (Arts).—A comedy, by Salacrou. (January 23.)
- "AT THE DROP OF A HAT" (Fortune).—An "after-dinner farrago," by Michael Flanders and Donald Swann. (January 24.)



THE END OF A LONG LIFE AND A GREAT CAREER: SIGNOR ARTURO TOSCANINI, THE WORLD-FAMOUS CONDUCTOR, WHO DIED IN NEW YORK ON JANUARY 16, WITHIN A FEW WEEKS OF HIS NINETIETH BIRTHDAY.

Signor Toscanini, the most renowned of conductors, whose reputation was supreme throughout the world, has just died. Nearly three years ago he had retired, symbolically dropping his baton at the end of a Wagner concert in New York and leaving the platform, never to return—a moving and fitting end to a career of conducting which had lasted sixty-eight years. He was born at Parma, on March 25, 1867, and studied music at the local conservatoire, his principal subject being the cello. At an early age it became clear that he had an exceptional and accurate memory, being able to dispense with his score after a few rehearsals. In 1886, when he was nineteen, this faculty won him his first opportunity as a conductor. He was playing with an orchestra at Rio de Janeiro and in a sudden emergency he was called on to leave his place among the cellos and to conduct the orchestra in "Aida," which he did by heart. After this he went to the Metropolitan at New York, where he was chief conductor from 1898 to 1915. In 1922 he became director of the reopened La Scala at Milan (where he had previously worked between 1898 and 1908). He ruled La Scala with a rod of iron and succeeded in abolishing

encores there. In 1929 he accepted the post of conductor to the Philharmonic Society of New York and later formed his own orchestra in America, the N.B.C. Orchestra, with which he gave concerts throughout the Second World War and made gramophone records to preserve his authoritative interpretations of the classics. His appearances in London were limited to a series of concerts in 1930, 1935, 1937-39 and a last visit in 1952. It has been said that his tastes were catholic but his interpretations were always those of an Italian. His mastery of German music was, however, outstanding; he conducted at Bayreuth and Salzburg between the wars and his popular fame is founded on his interpretations of Beethoven's symphonies. It was generally accepted of him that his particular genius lay in revealing the composer's true intention with especial brilliance and clarity. Part of his claim on the world's attention lay in his personal and political integrity, which brought him early in conflict with Fascism in Italy and his refusal to appear in Germany after the Nazi maltreatment of Jewish musicians. He was married, his wife predeceasing him in 1951, and there were a son and two daughters by the marriage.

Portrait reproduced by courtesy of "Fortune."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



HEAT REGULATION IN BIRDS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

WINTER brings to those living in the northern latitudes a fair degree of concern for the comfort and safety of birds. As a rule, it is not the drop in temperature, the snow or biting winds that distress the birds, but the shortage of food that so frequently results from them. In fact, birds not only have the ability to retreat rapidly before advancing bad weather, but their adaptability to extremes of temperature is fairly high, partly from the peculiarities of their circulatory system and partly from the means at their disposal for conserving heat. Their circulatory system is, in general, like that of mammals. The main differences, apart from a right aortic arch, include a relatively large heart in which the walls of the ventricles are stout, to withstand the strain of a rapid heart-beat. In most small birds this is 400 to 600 a minute, even when asleep, and may rise to double this figure under conditions of stress, physical or emotional. It is less in some of the larger ground-living birds, known rates being about 300 in the domestic hen and slightly under 100 in the turkey, and others that use flight to a limited extent only. It may be that the use of flight as a means of locomotion itself imposes the need for these high pulse-rates. At all events, the innominate arteries, that carry blood from the heart to the breast muscles and the wings, are enormously large. In its turn, the rapid beat puts a severe strain on the arteries; and it has been suggested that in some instances of birds dying of fright the cause may be an internal hæmorrhage, as the heart-beat rises abnormally due to emotional stress. This alone gives a measure of the high degree of efficiency required of a bird's circulatory system, and this need may explain some of the characteristics of their day-to-day activities.

Blood-vessels, and the smaller capillaries especially, tend to become constricted during periods of inactivity. If a circulatory system is to be maintained at a constant pitch, and particularly if it is to be ready to meet the burdens of a rapid increase in the beating at short notice, the tone of the vessels themselves must be kept high by frequent exercise. This may explain much of the restlessness of small song-birds. Even when resting, certainly during the day and possibly at night also, they frequently stir and stretch their legs and wings. It may be also that the constant preening, so marked a feature of a small bird perched for any length of time during the day, fulfils the double purpose of keeping the feathers in order and providing necessary exercise to keep the capillaries uncontracted. It may even be that the use of song is not wholly unconnected with this.

Just as the heart-beat of birds is more rapid than that of mammals, so the temperature is higher, being 112 degs. F. in most song-birds, with the lethal maximum as much as 115 degs. F. or, in some instances, 118 degs. F. Temperatures are also more variable, being highest at midday and lowest at night. These remarks are equally correct for winter and summer, for the Arctic and for the tropics. The daily fluctuations may be as much as 10 degs., and the internal temperature may drop to as low as 90 degs. F., or less in some species, before death ensues; while some species, notably the poor-will of North America and young swifts in Europe, can relinquish temperature control altogether, the first when it hibernates, the second when left unbrooded by the parents for long spells during stormy weather.

So we have the paradox that while the temperature may undergo considerable daily fluctuations,

it does so whatever the climate, the season or the region inhabited. This means that a bird's body must be capable of rapid adaptation to external conditions with an ability readily to lose heat in

two chief methods for preventing loss of bodily heat: to fluff out the feathers, thus increasing the volume of insulating air between the feathers, and to tuck the bill into the feathers when asleep. Incidentally, there is a vessel joining the jugulars which serves to maintain the flow of blood to and from the head while the neck is turned.

Heat is lost by depressing the feathers and opening the beak. With the beak open, heat and water vapour are allowed to escape through the mouth from the relatively enormous surface offered by the air-sacs and the lungs. A bird panting in hot weather is no more in distress than a man who is perspiring. Both are doing basically the same thing, speeding up the loss of bodily heat, or, in more homely language, keeping cool. The one is using sweat glands, the other achieves the same end without them, for birds do not possess these. It would be difficult to say which is the more efficient method. The point is that both are successful. On the other hand, while many mammals normally lose bodily heat by sweating, and all lose it to some extent by this method, they can also pant, thus calling in something closely akin to the bird's method to reinforce it. But because a bird has air-sacs in addition to, and communicating with, the lungs its panting is that much more effective. It is made even more effective

in some species by reason of the structure of the mouth, both by the wide gape and by what may be described as a fanning movement of the walls of the throat. Raymond B. Cowles and William R. Dawson, writing in *Condor* (1951, p. 19), give an example of this for the night-hawk of Texas.

The night-hawk, related to our nightjar, nests in June when the temperature in the full sun may reach 50 degs. or 60 degs. C. Were the sitting hen to forsake her nest for cooler quarters, such a temperature would be fatal to the eggs. She must, therefore, brood her eggs and herself keep cool at the same time. This she does by opening wide her beak and fluttering the gular membranes. These, being richly supplied with blood-vessels, allow a considerable dissipation of internal heat. Cowles and Dawson have estimated the area of the gular membranes to be 15 per cent. of the total area (including lungs and air-sacs) available in the night-hawk's body for this purpose.

The lower legs and toes of all but a few birds are also adapted to all climates, but by a different mechanism. They contain no muscle, only tendons. In cold weather the flow of blood through them is sluggish, so that they can remain just above freezing-point without injury. Similarly, they are not sensitive to heat. This is best illustrated by the account given by L. T. S. Norris-Elye, in *Auk* (1945, p. 455). In this he tells how, when camped in the Duck Mountains of Manitoba, he tamed wild jays so that they would come into his tent, at his call, for food. Their method of entry followed a routine. The jays would alight on a grocery box near the entrance, and fly thence to a box stove or to an open pot on it. "When gripping an open half-gallon iron pot, the birds would stay there 40 or 50 seconds. After some 15 seconds, they would stretch and close the toes alternately, apparently to permit radiation of the heat taken in. Several times, however, the birds stayed on the hot stove (when the pot was absent and while the flames were licking the roof of the stove) for from 5 to 8 seconds, showing discomfort by crouching but still tolerating it. The heat was sufficient to make a drop of water flash into steam."



ON A COLD WINTER'S DAY: A DUCK AND DRAKE MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE SNOW. THE FEET OF BIRDS HAVE A POOR SUPPLY OF BLOOD, SO THAT THEY ARE NOT READILY AFFECTED BY UNUSUALLY LOW TEMPERATURES.



WITH ITS HEAD SPRINKLED WITH SNOW: A TAWNY OWL WHICH MADE NO ATTEMPT TO SEEK COVER DURING A FALL OF SNOW. SNOW OR FROST AND LOW TEMPERATURES ARE NOT IN THEMSELVES HARMFUL TO BIRDS.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

hot weather or climates and to conserve heat in the cold. Birds living habitually in polar regions are more densely feathered than those in temperate or tropical latitudes, but apart from this there are

HUMOUR AND ART IN TERRACOTTAS FROM ANCIENT GELA, SOUTHERN SICILY.



FIG. 1. TYPICAL OF THE LIVELY TERRACOTTA WORK OF THE SCULPTORS OF GELA: A COMIC MASK, FULL OF CHARACTER. FOURTH CENTURY, FOUND AT MANFRIA.



FIG. 2. A NOBLE AND MASTERLY HEAD OF SILENUS: ONE OF THE TERRACOTTA ANTEFIXES, WHICH ARE CHARACTERISTIC OF 5TH-CENTURY GELA.

GELA, a town on the southern coast of Sicily, was in ancient times one of the outstanding cities of Magna Græcia—the generic name of the innumerable and far-flung colonies of metropolitan Greece. It was founded by settlers of Rhodio-Cretan extraction about the beginning of the seventh century B.C. and reached the height of its strength and prosperity in the fifth century B.C. It has of recent years been the subject of a fresh archaeological survey headed by Dr. Dinu Adamesteanu, who describes his findings in the article overleaf. The most impressive of the discoveries is a huge fortification wall which had been covered by deep sand-dunes (Fig. 11); but the most interesting aspects are perhaps the revelation of the way, and the speed, of the spread of the original colonists' influence inland; and, in the absence of convenient stone, how the artists of Gela attained a mastery in the use of clay and terracotta, extending its uses and producing such delightful works as these and Figs. 9, 12, 13 and 15.



FIG. 3. FOUND IN A SANCTUARY OF THE MID-SIXTH CENTURY B.C. AT MONTE BUBBONIA, OVERLOOKING GELA: A TERRACOTTA ANTEFIX SHOWING A GORGON'S HEAD.



FIG. 4. ANOTHER GORGON HEAD OF THE SIXTH CENTURY, ALSO TERRACOTTA, AND FOUND IN GELA. LIKE MOST OF THIS WORK, IT SEEMS TO SHOW A SENSE OF FUN.



FIG. 5. ANOTHER SILENUS ANTEFIX, ALSO IN TERRACOTTA, FOUND IN GELA AND DATING FROM THE FIFTH CENTURY. LESS FORMALISED AND MORE HUMAN THAN FIG. 2.

NEW LIGHT ON CLASSIC GREEK MILITARY ARCHITECTURE: THE GREAT WALL OF GELA AND OTHER DISCOVERIES AT THE ANCIENT GREEK COLONY IN SICILY.

By DR. DINU ADAMESTEANU, Inspector of Antiquities in the Superintendency of Antiquities of Agrigento.

(Gela, on the south coast of Sicily, was excavated during 1900-1906 by PAOLO ORSI, and it was generally assumed that there was nothing else to be discovered. In 1948 the huge fortification wall was revealed, and this has led to further excavations which have shown that this assumption was incorrect.)

WITH financial aid given by the Regione Siciliana, the Ministry of Public Works and, more recently, by the Cassa per il Mezzogiorno, the Superintendency of Antiquities of Agrigento and Caltanissetta has been able to draw up a plan of work designed to reopen for discussion Gela's entire history, topography and artistic life. Already, after working continuously since 1951, the life of ancient Gela appears in an entirely different light. The plan starts from the hill of Gela and reaches to the surrounding heights of Caltanissetta. The discovery of the line of fortifications in the high sand-dunes of Capo Soprano (Fig. 11) brought under consideration the topography and strategy not only of Gela, but also of many other Greek cities in Sicily. Only with difficulty in the classical world can a parallel be found for the stone construction of the Capo Soprano wall, especially as regards its state of preservation. The upper part is of mud-brick and the nearest parallel to this is in the fortifications of Heraclea Minoa, but there is no known parallel to such imposing defence works, complete with turrets and rampart work, as these of Capo Soprano. The stonework is remarkably fine, the well-preserved mud-brick part is unique. Since its discovery, the boldness of construction in Greek military technique, which is visible in the Euryalus Castle at Syracuse, is now enriched by elements never previously met with in the Greek world,



FIG. 6. EVIDENCE OF THE GELAN COLONISTS' EARLY PENETRATION INTO THE INTERIOR: A MONUMENTAL BURIAL VAULT IN THE NECROPOLIS AT BUTERA, DATING FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY B.C.



FIG. 7. ALSO FROM THE BUTERA NECROPOLIS, BUT FROM A LOWER LAYER AND DATING FROM THE EIGHTH CENTURY B.C.: A PLEASANT THREE-HANDLED BOWL WITH INCISED DECORATION, PRESUMABLY PRE-GREEK.

namely, the solution of the major technical problem of extending a line of fortification from solid land to sand and securing its foundations therein.

The fortification surrounds the summit of Capo Soprano and completes a circle with the fortified line round the hill of Gela; and it contained fresh surprises. Buildings were discovered under dunes sometimes 50 ft. high; and the idea of a real military encampment came to us from the distance from the fortification at which lay groups of small buildings clustered together around open spaces,

often in the form of peristyles. These had foundations and walls of rough stone with mud-brick superstructures; and the metal and earthenware found in these small buildings confirmed the idea that they were part of a barracks.

Even the discovery of this monumental mass alone would be sufficient recompense to Gela for the oblivion in which it has fallen since 1906; but some coincidences have given us a new view of the ancient city from the mouth of the river to

the western end of the hill. This hill has recently been the scene of intense activity—new roads, large public buildings, new water conduits and terraces of houses—dating from 1950, and as a result the local branch of the Antiquities Service has derived much new information on the ancient city's topography. After Orsi's excavations it seemed impossible that Gela could claim any other sanctuaries beside the poor traces of the two temples of Molino a Vento. The absence of stone on the hill of Gela, and the distance from it of the quarries of Manfria and Gibilmuto, meant that only a few blocks of these religious buildings remained, as was the case with that part of the fortifications which was not covered by the sand. There remained, however, nearly all the architectural decoration, which had been moulded from clay—the chief pride of Gela. During the modern building operations rich sacred deposits have been discovered and we have been able to verify the existence of shrines at Carrubazza and Via Fiume, on the height of the Madonna del' Alemanna, and on the beautiful terrace of Gela's new City Hall, as well as the two temples of Molino a Vento. Traces of other temples and small shrines, more eloquent than if the temples had been built of stone, were found in the neighbourhood of Molino di Pietro.

One of the most powerful expressions of Gelan art came to light in the discovery of the antefixes of Silenus (Figs. 2 and 5). The Gelan master of the first half of the fifth century B.C., basing his talent on work in clay, knew how to create in these antefixes the clearest expression of an art, which, though Greek in origin, had grown away from its mother country in many personal elements and had given rise to a new chapter in the history of art—the Siciliote art of Gela. No Greek master, whether from the mother country, Magna Græcia or Sicily, has been able to combine so cleverly and harmoniously the human and the divine

(Figs. 1-5), as has been done in the Silenus heads of Gela. By continuous study of all work on the hill of Gela we have come to know those local potters whose work was destined for distribution partly locally and partly in the villages of the hinterland as it rapidly became Hellenised. From the ancient kilns of Via Dalmazia (until recently the source of the modern canal) came the big and small vessels, monochrome and decorated (Fig. 10), which were general in Gela and the vast countryside inland in the archaic period. At the end of the fourth century B.C. the products of the kilns of San Giacomo were showing signs of leading towards decadence. The craftsmen of Gela had always mastered clay, and in it they produced magnificent painted vases and embellishments and ornaments (Figs. 9, 12, 13, 15) for large and small religious monuments, in a way no other

Sicilian colony equalled; and when necessity arose, they knew how to defend their town with clay. When the men of Gela wished to commemorate their victories at Olympia with a Treasury, despite the tradition which required craftsmen and materials from metropolitan Greece, they decorated it with architectural terracotta work, produced and painted on the hill of Gela and sent thence to Olympia.

Since the discovery of the Silenus antefixes, the horses from the *acroteria* (Fig. 9) of buildings and the great vases decorated with scenes which recall the Rhodio-Cretan origin of the founders, Gela takes its place as a centre of working in clay, and it seems that the absence of stone led to its free use in many spheres.

In accordance with the plan laid down in 1951, the inland countryside has also been the subject of archaeological research. First, it was necessary to follow up all traces of the infiltration of the Rhodio-Cretan



FIG. 8. A SMALL BRONZE HORSE OF SOME DISTINCTION, DATING FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C., FOUND IN GELA ITSELF. ANCIENT GELA'S COINAGE OFTEN BORE A FOUR-HORSED CHARIOT ON IT.

peoples with the indigenous inhabitants on the neighbouring hills, and their eventual fusion; and, second, an aspect neglected by Orsi, the migration into the rich, fertile countryside and the formation of new communities. This work has been pursued and a clear picture is beginning to emerge of the Greek penetration and the transformation of smallholders into the rich proprietors of Roman times.

In the cemetery of Butera (where there are four layers of burials) (Figs. 6 and 7) we can see how quickly the Greeks reached this fortress,

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 9. A VIGOROUS HORSE'S HEAD IN TERRACOTTA FROM A PEDIMENT OF A TREASURY AT GELA: A LIVELY WORK WHICH CAN BE DATED TO THE FIRST HALF OF THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.

A MASTERPIECE
OF MILITARY
ARCHITECTURE:
THE NEWLY-FOUND
WALL OF GELA;
AND OTHER FINDS
FROM THE ANCIENT
GREEK COLONY.



FIG. 10. A FINE TWO-HANDLED BOWL WITH PAINTED DECORATION OF BIRDS AND FORMAL DESIGN. END OF SEVENTH CENTURY B.C. AND THE PRODUCT OF LOCAL KILNS.



(Above.)
FIG. 11. THE GREAT FORTIFICATION WALL OF GELA OF THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C. BUT MARVELLOUSLY PRESERVED THROUGH BURIAL IN A SAND-DUNE. THE METAL SHEETS ARE MODERN.

(Continued.)
which in the seventh century B.C. they made a real stronghold to dominate the road into the interior. The cities of Monte Desusino, Monte Bubbonia (Fig. 3) (from the sixth century B.C.) and the great installations of Milingiana are well documented, in their fortifications and in museum pieces. The Gorgon antefixes from
[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 13. A TERRACOTTA HEAD OF THE LATER FOURTH CENTURY B.C., FROM GELA. THE HAIRSTYLE AND THE MASSIVE EAR-RINGS ARE INTERESTING.

(Continued.)
the Monte Bubbonia sanctuary supply fresh evidence on the fusion of Greek and local art. The indigenous strongholds at Gibil-Gabib, Sabucina and Vassallaggi, near Caltanissetta, were Hellenised by the second half of the sixth century B.C. and supply further evidence on the rapid penetration of Rhodio-Cretan peoples into the heart of Sicily. The remainder of our programme concerns the Roman domination of the hinterland of Gela. Through the intervention of the *Cassa per il Mezzogiorno* and the *Assessorato Turismo della Regione Siciliana* the material found so far has not been dispersed, but is displayed in the Gela Museum to present a picture of its ancient inhabitants.



(Right.)
FIG. 14. HORNS OF CONSECRATION IN A PRIMITIVE SHALLOW BOWL: A FIND FROM THE PREHISTORIC LEVELS OF GELA, AND PRESUMABLY INDIGENOUS.

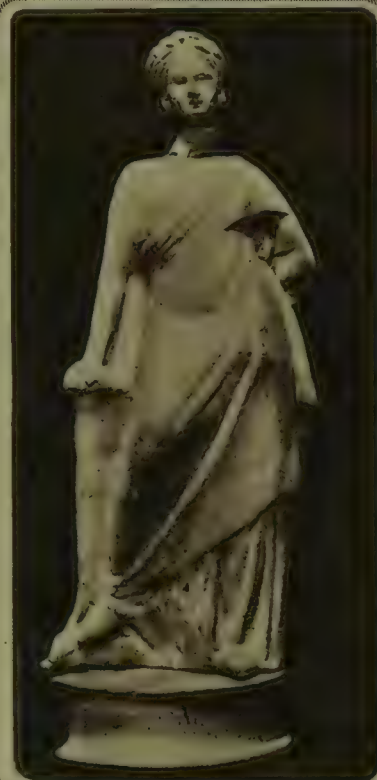


FIG. 12. A GRACEFUL—AND INDEED MODISH—STATUETTE IN TERRACOTTA FROM THE HELLENISTIC NECROPOLIS OF GELA (4TH—3RD CENTURY B.C.).

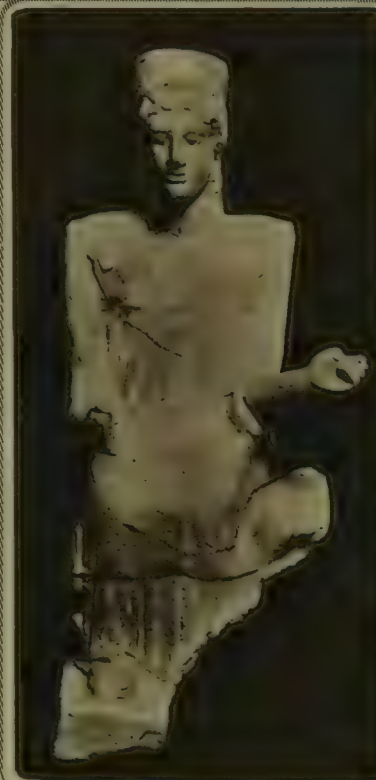


FIG. 15. A SEATED FEMALE FIGURE, PROBABLY A GODDESS AND PERHAPS HERA. A TERRACOTTA FROM GELA. FIRST HALF OF THE 5TH CENTURY B.C.



NEAVE PARKER

NATURE'S WONDERLAND—NO. 3. REAL-LIFE "MONSTERS," WHICH LIVED IN NORTH-EAST

Certain geological periods stand out as being especially important from an evolutionary point of view. Two such periods were the Permian, approximately 225,000,000 years ago, whose vertebrate fossils are known in some quantity from Texas, in the United States, and from South Africa and Russia; and the Triassic period (about 195,000,000 years ago) which has yielded a rich harvest of bones to searchers in New Mexico, U.S.A., in South Africa and in Germany. It is often overlooked that both formations are represented, with a fair share of their ancient inhabitants, in the Scottish county of Moray, which borders the southern shore of the Moray Firth. Here, towards the end of the last century, in the sandstones around Elgin and Lossiemouth, amateur workers found a remarkable assemblage of interesting forms. The

materials are now preserved mainly in London and in Elgin. In his drawing on these pages our artist, Mr. Neave Parker, shows a selection of the smaller and little-known Triassic forms on the rocky outcrop in the background, with the Permian forms below. The animals shown are:—(left foreground) three individuals of *Gordonia*, a small four-footed vegetarian with two small and probably useless tusks. This animal has a close similarity with the South African and Russian *Dicynodon*. In the right foreground is the horned and coarsely sculptured head of *Elginia*. The skull was only 6 ins. long. A reconstructed animal is shown to the left, with an estimation of the body, which is so far unknown. The whole animal was similar to South African forms known as *Cotylosaurs*. Behind the restored *Elginia*, and almost wholly immersed, is

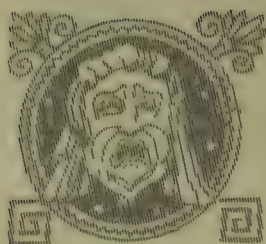
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER, F.R.S.A.



Gaika, a toothless but beaked vegetarian which was probably amphibious. Its South African counterpart, a larger animal, was *Lytrasaurus*. These three fossils are all Permian, so that the presence of the sprawling, crocodile-like *Stagonolepis* (of the Triassic), represented by the two animals in the centre foreground, would have been an anachronism. *Stagonolepis*, shown here as being about 4 ft. long, was a lizard-shaped land reptile with very definite German affinities which are only now being established with certainty. To the right of the drawing, beyond the water, are two specimens of *Gordonia* and one of *Elginia*. Overlooking these, from above, are the Triassic forms (apart from *Stagonolepis*). On the left are three examples of *Oristhanosuchus*, a small bipedal carnivore, with a light armour plating on the back, and with

WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. W. E. SWINTON.

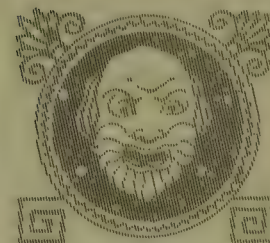
a long balancing tail. This is an important animal, for it is closely related to the ancestor of the Dinosaurs, the flying reptiles (Pterodactyls) and the birds. The animal was only 3 ft. long. To its right are some small bipedal and lightly developed carnivorous Dinosaurs, *Scleromochlus* (left) and two *Salopus* (right). Both were only 2 ft. or so long, though *Salopus* had a very long tail. In front of them *Eryopsuchus*, a smaller relative of *Oristhanosuchus*, with coarsely-grained scutes, can be seen rather overshadowing two small specimens (on its right) of *Tetrapton*, small stem-reptiles of the *Cotylosaurian* kind that were only a foot long and were probably timid vegetarians. Each of the animals shown belongs to a family or group of much evolutionary significance and the assemblage is of great scientific interest.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

EPIC AND COMIC.

By ALAN DENT.



THE gigantic film called "Giant" sets out to give us nothing less than the history of the State of Texas over a period of thirty-odd years—and it jolly nearly succeeds. It can do so, of course, only in microcosm—by concentrating on the fortunes of a single ranching family, the Benedicts, and of one of their ranch-hands, Jett Rink, who struck oil and became so rich that he aspired to the hand of the wealthy Benedicts' daughter.

It begins thirty-odd years ago with young Bick Benedict (Rock Hudson) travelling from Texas to Maryland to choose a beautiful young bride (Elizabeth Taylor). One fault of the film is that the march of time is not adequately indicated. The director of the film is the resourceful and even imaginative George Stevens. But he seems to share with almost all his rivals an antipathy to giving us so much as a date in the matter of sub-titling. Sub-titling of any sort appears nowadays to be considered as amounting to a failure in technique. The consequence in this, as in many another recent film, is that we do not know exactly where we are in chronology.

In course of time the Benedicts are blessed with a son and a daughter. But I was unable to gather—not that it matters very much!—whether these were twin children or born at a year's interval. Another daughter comes along considerably later. These indications of the march of time might have been strengthened if Mr. Hudson and Miss Taylor were the kind of players who enjoy growing old. They are not. Time delves no parallels in the brows of this pair of beauties. Their visages with the years show none of the usual lines and wrinkles. There are, it is true, some very discreet intimations of matronliness in Mrs. Benedict's figure after her third—or is it her second?—confinement. And Mr. Benedict

in the arrival of young Mrs. Benedict. Her attitude to him is that of a kindly patroness, for she is a very forbearing lady who is kind even to the Mexicans whom it is her husband's custom to treat harshly. There is an extraordinary little scene in which Benedict and two lawyers try to persuade Jett to part with the patch of land bequeathed to him by Benedict's elder sister. The older

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



THE LATE JAMES DEAN AS JETT RINK IN WARNER BROS. "GIANT," WHICH IS BASED ON THE NOVEL BY EDNA FERBER. In making his selection this fortnight, Alan Dent writes: "In 'Giant,' his third and last film, young James Dean clearly demonstrates that he would have become a considerable actor. (He was killed in a motor-accident very shortly after completing this assignment.) In two earlier films—'East of Eden' and 'Rebel without a Cause'—this strange and sultry boy had already made his mark with two character-sketches which seemed to be quite as much self-exposition as acting. But his study of Jett Rink in 'Giant' is a complete and rounded thing, a genuine achievement. The character grows convincingly older both in years and pride, in his progress from the rags of a ranch-hand to the riches of an oil-magnate, who achieves almost all his ambitions."

men obviously think persuasion will be hardly necessary, and that the young man will jump at the generous financial offer. Not so. He plays with them as he plays with the coil of rope between his uneasy fingers. His cunning is low but likeable. His pride lies in having a possession. He escapes from the lure of the proffered banknotes. The little scene could not conceivably be better acted or better directed, and it is not one whit too long.

Elsewhere the huge thing sprawls and loiters (it is exactly 200 minutes in length). Whenever there is a wedding or a funeral we are given far too much of the religious service. We grow a little weary of the endless droves of cattle or of horses, and wholly sympathise when one of the Benedicts at some stage or other says: "I don't want to live my life pushin' cows around!" This may be—it must be—the son Jordan, who chooses to be a doctor, to his father's great disappointment, and then chooses to marry a Mexican girl, to his father's dismay.

But the loitering and the sprawling are redeemed by the ending, in which Jett reaches his apotheosis and topples over. We have already admired him prancing proudly through the

allotment he refuses to sell, and showing his intense excitement when oil begins to gush through the land which is his very own. In his ecstasy he gets covered all over with the black fluid and rushes to the Benedicts' house—a mansion set in a tawny desert—to show them how he is about to win a fortune beyond their lucre. He works and works, and we watch him grow to middle age. About the merits of this performance in its later stages my two favourite Sunday critics are at direct odds. But I very much more incline to the view of Juno Powell that Dean is here "miraculous" than to the view of Minerva Lejeune that he is here "miscast." To be strictly accurate, let me quote Miss Powell, since her view is exactly my own and most sensitively expressed: "Dean's mumbling, awkward, shifty, watchful, secretly amorous boy seems to me miraculous; and though his performance as the adolescent grown into a drunken, egomaniac tycoon has the air of incompleteness, the quality of an extraordinary talent is still there." I know what Miss Powell means by an "air of incompleteness." But I think the fault lies with the film's authors and not with the astonishing young actor.

In sharp contrast to "Giant" we also have "Zarak," which is an Afghan fantasy and very much what the French call a *succès de fou rire*, meaning a feast of unintentional laughter. This is like a luscious box of Turkish Delight from which you can dig out individual items, each better than the last, with a little wooden fork. One is Mr. Victor Mature as Zarak Khan, who has been outlawed for kissing one of his father's many wives. Another is Miss Anita Ekberg—a very pink piece—who was the wife in question and who becomes incurably addicted to dancing with a pole held horizontally above and sometimes under her head. A third is Mr. Michael Wilding—a red-white-and-blue piece—as a Major in the British Army who falls foul of Zarak Khan. A fourth is Mr. Finlay Currie as an aged Holy Man with rather a Scots accent.

It is all bad enough to be very funny indeed. In the heart of it Major Wilding crosses a rope bridge in pursuit of Zarak Mature, who hacks at the rope and leaves the Major suspended for all the world like Pearl White in one of her weekly climaxes in the serials of long ago. In the beginning Zarak Mature is flogged almost to death and saved at the intercession of the Holy Man. In the end he finds himself in the same situation, and he has placed himself there—unbelievably—



"GIANT"—AN EARLY SCENE FROM THE FILM, SHOWING BICK BENEDICT (ROCK HUDSON) BRINGING HOME HIS BRIDE (ELIZABETH TAYLOR) TO HIS TEXAS RANCH, TO THE CHAGRIN OF HIS SISTER, LUZ (MERCEDES McCAMBRIDGE). (LONDON PREMIERE; WARNER THEATRE, JANUARY 3.)

around the same time begins to reveal the first faint oncomings of a middle-aged spread. But their features stay beautifully young, and it is only after twenty years or so that the raven-black hair of both of them is suddenly seen to have grown, not white or even grey, but a quite becoming shade of blue of the tint which, in our paintbox days, was known as Prussian.

No other concession is made by Mr. and Mrs. Benedict—i.e., by Miss Taylor and Mr. Hudson—to envious Time's encroachments. This is not as it should be. Time as a general rule is just as unkind to rich and poor Americans, or even Texans, as it is to anybody else. And if it should happen to be kind to the husband, it is hardly ever at the same time kind to the wife, or *vice versa*. The resistance of Miss Taylor and Mr. Hudson is all the more marked, because everybody else in the film goes through the mill of the years. The children grow from babyhood to adolescence, and Jett Rink, the thorn in the side of Bick Benedict, who refused to sell his patch of land, really does seem to me to grow from a sullen, watchful, self-educating youth into a sullen, watchful, ill-educated middle age. This is the young actor, James Dean, who was tragically killed in his own sports car just after "Giant" was completed.

His is a very remarkable performance. He is brilliant as the inarticulate youth, living alone in a shack, intensely interested



"AN AFGHAN FANTASY": "ZARAK"—A SHOT SHOWING ONE OF THE SPECTACULAR BATTLE SCENES IN THIS COLUMBIA PICTURES FILM, WHICH IS DIRECTED BY TERENCE YOUNG, AND STARS VICTOR MATURE, MICHAEL WILDING AND ANITA EKBERG. (LONDON PREMIERE; ODEON, LEICESTER SQUARE, JANUARY 10.)

in order to save the face; the bacon, or maybe even the life of Major Wilding.

Each of these films has a moral. That of "Giant" is expressed by Mrs. Benedict in approval of her husband's fight with a café proprietor who had declined to serve the Mexican daughter with a meal. He has fought at last for something worth fighting for, and "after a hundred years the Benedict family is a real big success." That of "Zarak" is solemnly uttered at the end in the sentence: "Greater love hath no man than that he lay down his life for his enemy." But the truth is that both films are better without any moral—"Giant" standing and "Zarak" falling—a fine film and a foolish one.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

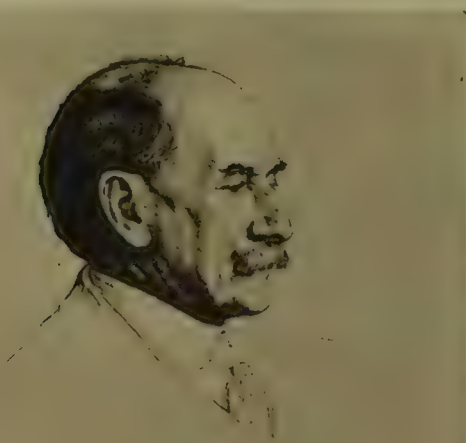
"THREE MEN IN A BOAT" (Generally Released; January 21).—Jimmy Edwards, David Tomlinson and Laurence Harvey in and out of a boat, in a sopping wet and collapsible tent, in the Maze at Hampton Court, and in love. It is a conscientious treatment of Jerome K. Jerome's wheezy Edwardian minor-classic. But it has its moments.

"LOVE ME TENDER" (Generally Released; January 21).—The formidable jackanapes called Elvis Presley rocks his torso, rolls his hips, sings to a comparatively static and graceful guitar, and generally behaves like the high priest of the latest and craziest dancing-cult. Very lowly commended.

BRITISH PORTRAIT PRINTS: AT A LONDON EXHIBITION.



"JOSEPH CONRAD": A DRY-POINT OF 1923 BY SIR MUIRHEAD BONE (1876-1953), AT THE EXHIBITION AT MESSRS. COLNAGHI'S.



"THOMAS HARDY, O.M.": A DRY-POINT BY WILLIAM STRANG, R.A. (1859-1921), AUTOGRAPHED BY HARDY.



"SOMERSET MAUGHAM, C.H.": AN ETCHING OF 1946 BY H. ANDREW FREETH, WHO WAS BORN IN 1912.



"GWENDOLEN JOHN": AN ETCHED PORTRAIT OF HIS SISTER BY AUGUSTUS JOHN, O.M., R.A.



"WYNDHAM LEWIS": A PORTRAIT OF A FELLOW-ARTIST ETCHED IN 1898 BY AUGUSTUS JOHN, O.M., R.A.



"THE ARTIST'S MOTHER": A DRY-POINT BY THE SCOTS ARTIST ANDREW GEDDES, A.R.A. (1783-1844).



"ELINOR LEYLAND": A DRY-POINT PORTRAIT BY JAMES ABBOTT McNEILL WHISTLER (1834-1903).



"CAMPBELL DODGSON (1867-1948), KEEPER OF PRINTS AND DRAWINGS AT THE B.M.": BY WILLIAM STRANG.



"SIR JACOB EPSTEIN": A STRIKING PORTRAIT OF THE SCULPTOR AT THE AGE OF 29, BY FRANCIS DODD, R.A. (1874-1949).

As a most interesting supplement to the current Royal Academy Winter Exhibition of "British Portraits," Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi, 14, Old Bond Street, have arranged an exhibition of British Portrait Prints, which is to be seen until the end of the month. There are sixty-five prints in this exhibition, of which the earliest is a line engraving of James I, by Crispin van de Passe, the Elder. The exhibition ranges through the following three centuries with fine examples of the work of artists such

as William Faithorne, James McArdell, William Hogarth, John Raphael Smith and Charles Turner until it reaches more recent artists, a selection of whose work is shown here. The two living artists represented are Augustus John and H. Andrew Freeth. This small exhibition shows that British character and personalities have been as strikingly recorded in the print as in the other media—painting, drawing, sculpture and miniatures—which are so interestingly represented at Burlington House.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IN this country we don't get many novels about the Big Organisation, or Men at Work; though in America they are fairly frequent—and not infrequently sentimental. And, as a rule, middle-brow. Whereas "Image of a Society," by Roy Fuller (André Deutsch; 13s. 6d.), is highbrow in a restrained, businesslike way, deeply censorious, and an excellent example of that "decay of the hero" which has lately been under scrutiny. Mr. Fuller's "organisation" is the Saddleford Building Society, a huge enterprise with its seat in the North of England. Its purposes are assumed to be rotten at the heart; its domestic life, which provides the action, is revealed as a covert and unremitting dogfight. A brilliant opening scene presents the House Manager—almost the bottom dog—expounding his hierarchical aims to an obsequious cleaner: who is, in fact, not uninterested, because in twelve years Ramsden will be retiring, or he may even die, and then the cleaner may become House Manager. The situation at the top is identical, though more urgent. Next year the General Manager will retire. Once on a time this event seemed to Stuart Blackledge, the Mortgage Manager, almost impossibly distant, and he used to wonder if Matheson would die. Yet the time has passed; and now his own accession is in the bag. Rationally, he can't doubt it; though he has wild moments of panic, and is still intriguing in minor areas, such as the new garage and the futile and humbugging Joint Committee. With a special eye on the Accounts Manager—too paltry to be a threat, yet too close beneath him to be allowed to score.

The fall of Blackledge—vain, personable, not quite as good as he thinks, not quite whole-hearted enough—is one of the main issues. It involves the apotheosis of the Accounts Manager: a Christian, utterly dedicated little grub, who knows he is not bright, but knows also that success is attained by sheer dogged work and "the assiduous service of truly important superiors." Over against these two we have a third figure: that of the "anti-hero," the Head Office Solicitor, Philip Witt. Philip is called by his Christian name. He is suave, handsome, "formidably intelligent," a writer in his spare time; he is also a hollow man, a crypto-dissident stuck in the Building Society and all other relations like a fly in a glue-pot. Then he falls in love with Blackledge's wife. . . . This amour ought to have as much grip as the executive duel; however, one would give it outright for Blackledge's anguish of indecision after his first reverse.

OTHER FICTION.

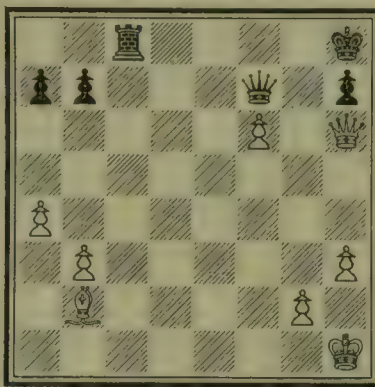
While the heroes of fiction are becoming anti-heroes, "dissidents" and poor fish, its young women are still allowed to be good and brave. "The Angel in the Corner," by Monica Dickens (Michael Joseph; 15s.), almost abuses this licence. Virginia Martin has grown up under a series of disadvantages: wrangling and neglectful parents, a broken home, and life with a shallow, jealous career-mother. But they have not affected her in the least. At twenty she is full of "lively ambition," sure of her good luck. She will succeed at something; and since her mother works on a magazine called *Lady Beautiful*, why not as a journalist? She gets her start; and then she meets the vagabond Joe Colonna at a party. Partly because Helen is so disagreeable about Joe, she runs off with Joe: not exactly for love, and well knowing him to be domineering and crooked as well as shiftless. The worse things go, the more she makes a career of cleaving to him through thick and thin—living in a slum, and even being knocked about. Joe, meanwhile, is so penetrated by her superiority that he can't stop trying to smash it. But all in vain: till finally, in a crescendo of melodrama, he throws up the sponge. This writer is excellent at character and surroundings, and always readable; but here I couldn't quite see the point.

"Death in Another World," by Robert Cross (Putnam; 13s. 6d.), purports to be the journal of a young man named Robert Halston, who has come out to manage a *Finca* in a remote and primitive corner of the Argentine. He is surprised to find his employer a woman—and a tartar of the first rank. Then, gradually, it emerges that she is a tragic victim of isolation; and no sooner has he unravelled the whole story than he becomes a victim himself. Halston's jottings about life on the farm, and its extraordinary ragbag of labourers, are interspersed with the *récits* of Mrs. Connell. Both scene and manner have a peculiar freshness.

"Nowhere To Go," by Donald Mackenzie (Elek; 13s. 6d.), is the story, by an ex-convict, of a man who breaks out of Wandsworth Gaol to retrieve a cache of £28,000. Its existence is known; but nobody knows where it went. For all his closeness, and his experience of throat-cutting among thieves, he is expecting no trouble but from the police. Instead he finds himself up against the whole world, loses all chance of his money, and becomes a hunted murderer. Grim, straightforward, and most convincing in atmosphere.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.



THIS position was reached in a game in Leipzig a few weeks ago. White was a man called Schwartz (you couldn't make a man take Black every time, just because he was called Schwartz, could you?). Black's name is given simply as N. N. Now "N. N." has been argued to stand for "No name," or "*Nescio nomen*," or various other two-word phrases; opinion is divided as to its precise origin. But two things can be deduced with fair certainty whenever "N. N." appears above or below a chess diagram: (a) that his identity is shrouded in mystery, and (b) that he came badly to grief.

Here, poor "N. N." played 1... R-B3? and if you are numbered among the 1 per cent. of my reading public whose minds are not numbed by the merciless pressure of this modern age of leisure, you might like to cogitate on White's reply before reading on.

The position seems innocuous enough. 2. Q-Kt7ch, Q×Q; 3. P×Qch, K-Kt1... and Black would prevail in time; P-QR4 followed by a carefully-timed attack on White's QKtP offering good prospects. What else is there for White...?

There is 2. Q-B8ch!! which finishes the game out of hand. 2... Q-Kt1; 3. P-B7 dis ch is merely silly, so we might as well examine 2... Q×Q; 3. P-B7 dis ch, Q-Kt2 (interpose 3... R-KB3; 4. B×Rch if you are misery-minded); 4. P-B8(Q) mate (yes, Black's queen is pinned!).

It just shows you, doesn't it, what dangers lurk in the most innocuous-looking places. Make a resolution to have a glance at every possible reply by your opponent, even the most apparently suicidal. Resolve, too, never to be a poor devil of a "N. N." as long as you live!

Hastings was by no means the only Christmas chess congress. There was an international junior congress at Plymouth, the London Boys' Championship, and a Universities' meet at Leeds, where G. J. Martin, the B.U.C.A. match-captain, won this fine Sicilian Defence:

White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	P-QB4	12. QR-Q1	QR-B1
2. Kt-KB3	P-K3	13. Q-Kt3	P-R4
3. P-Q4	P×P	14. P-K5	Kt-Kt5
4. Kt×P	Kt-KB3	15. B×Kt	P×B
5. Kt-QB3	P-Q3	16. Q×P	R-R2
6. B-K2	Kt-B3	17. P-B5	Kt-B5
7. B-K3	B-Q2	18. P×KP!!	Kt×B
8. Castles	B-K2	19. P×Bch	Q×P
9. P-B4	P-QR3	20. Q-K4	Kt×R(Q8)
10. P-QR4	Q-B2	21. P-K6	Q-Q1
11. Q-K1	Kt-QR4	22. Q×R(R7)	Resigns

most of the excellent material with which the theatre, from summer 1955 to summer 1956 has provided her. Her theme is the revolt of actors and producers against long runs in the West End, with the stultifying effect this must have on those who are attempting to experiment and bring something new and lively to the theatre.

Mr. W. Macqueen-Pope is rightly the doyen of the British stage, and in "Nights of Gladness" (Hutchinson; 21s.) there is a welcome further instalment from his learned but irrepressible pen. Like Mr. Stephens, he has an axe to grind, which is that musical plays and comic opera are the backbone of all English theatrical productions. Mr. Macqueen-Pope can be guaranteed to recapture for his readers the excitement of the theatrical world, and in his latest book he maintains his admirable high standard.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ON COLLECTING ANIMALS, ON SURGEONS AND THE THEATRE.

MR. GERALD DURRELL scored a vast and justified success with his "The Overloaded Ark," that engaging description of collecting animals for the Zoo. He scores again with "My Family and Other Animals" (Hart-Davis; 16s.). When he was ten, he went with his family to live on Corfu for a period of five years. The result is this enchanting picture of an unorthodox family in unorthodox surroundings. As he writes: "It was originally intended to be a mildly nostalgic account of the natural history of the island, but I made a grave mistake by introducing my family into the book in the first few pages. Having got themselves on paper, they then proceeded to establish themselves and invite various friends to share the chapters." Not that his family did not suffer. The boy's early interest in natural history led him to the inexhaustible collection of insects and animals. The family found that their cigarette-boxes yielded out-size bumble-bees or grasshoppers, while one of the female members complained that she had found "the most revolting jar of wriggling things on the dressing-table, of all places." Mr. Durrell, as those who have read his earlier books will know, writes delightfully in a style at once gentle and astringent. He was much taken with the amiable, uninhibited Greek inhabitants of Corfu, where he went fishing with a man who had only murdered his wife and was, therefore, on a ticket of leave—the local penal code counting two years for murder and five for dynamiting fish! It is in his observation of animals and insects, however, that he is at his best. His description of Geronimo, the gecko lizard, who fought a battle to the death with Cicely, the praying mantis, can not be bettered. This is a sprawling, formless but wholly delightful book.

"Surgeons All," by Dr. Harvey Graham (Rich and Cowan; 25s.), is, on the other hand, very far from sprawling. It is an admirable description of the growth of surgery throughout the ages. From Aesculapius and Hippocrates to Hunter and the greatest and most modern of surgeons, it covers this wide field most satisfyingly and, in a way which will interest the general reader without offending the exacting views of a meticulous profession. Though there have, of course, been quacks and rascals enough in the surgical profession (and with these Dr. Graham deals amusingly and faithfully) the dedicated nature of the profession is clear from his lively pages. The growth of surgical knowledge is clearly traced, up to the point where sepsis and shock due to the pain of an operation prevented further advance. But the first barrier was removed with the invention of antiseptics, and the second with the discovery of anaesthetics. The book is fully illustrated, some of the early prints being highly amusing. The ordinary reader will find the concluding chapters of the book particularly heartening, as the advances in surgery, to which Dr. Graham refers, should bring hope to many who are filled with personal foreboding. Cancer, of course, remains obstinately intractable. Nevertheless, as the author points out, even here cases labelled "unoperable cancer" no longer mean, as they once did, that the cancer was untreatable. "There are other unsolved problems, many and challenging, but the tempo of advance in surgery and in all the medical sciences has increased so greatly in this century that it would be rash to prophesy which of them will remain unsolved by 1999. The surgeon of to-day is not the dramatic individualist that he was. He works more often as one man in a closely-knit team of specialists and research workers. There is much less drama in his individual story. But the story of surgery as a whole is more exciting and more full of promise than ever it was before. And it is a story full of hope that remains always unfinished. . . ."

To conclude this article, there are three excellent books on the world of make-believe. Mr. Ivor Brown's "Theatre, 1955-56" (Reinhardt; 21s.), as its name implies, consists of a series of reviews of the plays of the year by some of the most distinguished of our critics, under the lively editorship of Mr. Brown himself. The 1955-1956 vintage in the theatre seems to have been an admirable one, and no student of the theatre will wish to miss this excellent book. More profusely illustrated is "Theatre World Annual" (Rockliff; 21s.). This is the seventh issue of this publication and Frances Stephens makes the



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MAN WITH A PATIENT OUTLOOK



SHIP'S SURGEON, aboard the P & O ship, ARCADIA

WHAT's this he's doing? Looking in on somebody? One of the crew took a bump. Evidently no damage done. But as usual he takes care instead of chances. And that is to everyone's good. Yesterday a youngster turned a somersault from sheer joy . . . sprained her wrist . . . tears . . . then a wonderful smile . . . because he came along to look after her. And that passenger who didn't come to dinner this evening . . . nothing wrong that he couldn't put right . . . couldn't be in better hands.

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us learnt across our mothers' knees, is

really nothing much more or

less than having things *your*

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all night. Good food and drink—and intelligent interest

in your likes and dislikes? We think we can surprise you

there—and pleasantly. Or would it be just the sense of

general friendly readiness on our part, to do things *your*

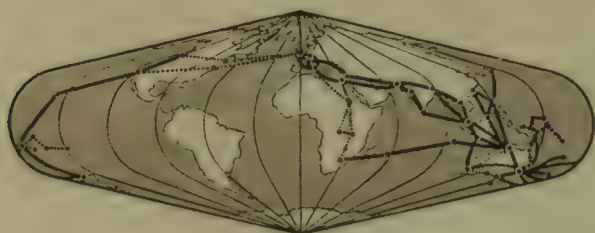
way—at the drop of a hint? *If you don't know what it is to be*

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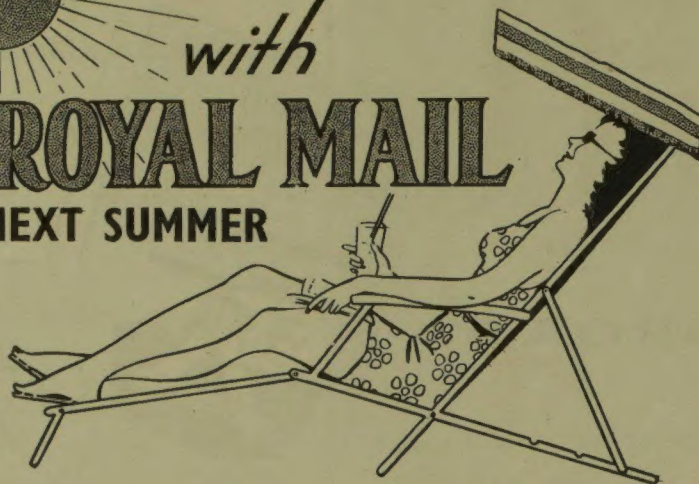
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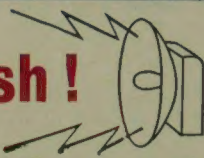
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